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The Hunting
of
The Snark;
or

The Professor's Dream

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THE
HUNTING OF THE SNARK
OR
The Professor's Dream.

IN A PROLOGUE AND FIVE ACTS.

Locke, Marshall P W

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Dramatis Personæ.

PROF. BONNY.—Professor of Natural History in a New-England College: An old bachelor, whose heart has kept young beneath the whitening snows of forty-nine winters, who dreams a dream.

PHILENA D. BLITHERS.—A spinster landlady, still vigorously whipping for the wary trout, who changes into a mermaid at will.

VENUS.—The colored servant-girl, at Blithers'.

DIOGENES BROWN.—The old, lame, colored college janitor, who is familiarly known as "Corporal Dodge"—one of the college institutions—Who is dreamed into a sea-cook, and finally evolves into the True Prophet.

LA FAYETTE.—A little piece of India-rubber, a nephew of janitor, who becomes the "Resistance Cook" of the dream.

BELLMAN.—The captain of the snark ship, whose navigation consists in constantly ringing a bell; the personage whom the Professor dreams that he is. (The title of the principal character in Lewis Carroll's nonsense book entitled "The Hunting of the Snark," verses of which so keep running in the Professor's head, owing to its extreme popularity at his boarding-house, that he trembles for his reason. At this juncture, having been strongly insisted upon to be the "Bellman" at a parlor "snark party" of the boarders, he flees for safety to his college class-room, falls asleep, and dreams that he is the bona fide Bellman, hunting the Snark with the queer crew of the book, while the janitor, Diogenes, figures prominently as a thoroughbred sea-cook, &c.)

BARRISTER.

BEAVER.

BANKER.

BILLIARD-MARKER.

THINGUMAJIG.

BLOOMER.

CURLY.

SCOTTY.

DICKEY.—A young sailor.

BO'S'N.—Boatswain in dream.

DODGE.—Chef de Cuisine on the ship; King of the cook's galley.

RESISTANCE.—The "resistance cook" under Dodge.

CODFISH. } **FLUNKYS.**

BOOTS. }

HOP.—The Chinese Pantryman.

DISMAL SMITH.—The brown-skinned Messman.

WIGGINS.—A True Prophet playing in hard luck.

MERMAID QUEEN.—Up from Atalantis on a lark.

NATIVES, MERMAIDS, SOLDIERS, &c.

JAKY—SHIP'S BAKER.

Puck—a fairy

PROLOGUE

ACT I---Scene I.

Professor Bonny's room at Boarding House. Enter Professor, seats himself.

PROF. Well, well, this is more than I bargained for. But if ye sow tares, tares shall ye reap; but who could have foreseen such ripping and tearing around in a quiet New England boarding-house as has been inaugurated in this one. Why, they're all tore up. It's Snarks for breakfast, Snarks for dinner, Snarks for supper, Snarks for luncheon, Snarks for tea! But I've myself alone to blame for bringing the book into the house. All week long in the lecture room the verses have been running in my head with a mechanical regularity. Mixing those confounded Snarks and Boojums with ichthyosauri and ascidians. Nervous affections of this character have been known to drive people out of their reason. I had better leave, perhaps. All out of charity I ventured a few quotations to dispel the prevailing gloom of table-talk about the May Flower. The idea took with the boarders, and now they've all got it. The staid old spinster Philena Blithers, the model prim New England landlady's got it. Safronia Blithers, likewise, has it, and now Venus, the colored maid servant's got it, and I'm going to get out! You can hear nothing the whole day long but (MIMICING.)

"You may seek it with thimbles,
And seek it with care;
You may seek it with forks and hope;
You may threaten its life with a railway share;
You may charm it with smiles and soap.
But oh, beamish nephew, beware of the day,
If your Snark be a Boojum!--For then--
You will softly and suddenly vanish away
And never be met with again!"

And that's what's the matter with my Snark--It's a Boojum!--and I'm softly and suddenly vanishing with softening of the brain! The Boojum got in it's work and I didn't know it!

'Twas funny at first—Funny for weeks—Amusing for months. But there's such a thing as too much of too-much-iteness, which fact this household don't seem to "get onto" as hard as I'd like to see.

I can see nothing for it but to resign my chair and take a trip to fresh fields and pastures new. This thing of living in a house with eight or ten cranks—all cranks on one and the same subject—is too much to expect. If it was an ordinary institution for the insane, or an institution for ordinary insane, there would, at least, be some variety. (Knock at door.) I think, on the whole I'd better start for an asylum. ENTER VENUS. (Hands a note.)

VENUS. Heahs a note fom the Blitherses.

PROF. From the Blitherses. (Reads aloud)

DEAR PROFESSOR:

We all arranged at tea to give a Snark Party in the blue parlor this evening. It is strictly a house affair. Each one is to come in the grotesque costume of some one of the characters of the book and commit such verses as belong to the part. The character of the Bellman has been assigned to you. As the hunting cannot proceed without the Bellman in command, we trust you will not fail us.

Yours in sincerity,

PHILENA D. BLITHERSES.

PROF. (Groans.) D. Philena!

(Venus laughs and says) Oh, Pafessa wat you a sayen?

PROF. Venus, go out please. I want to cuss.

VENUS. Go on Pafessa, doant back out. Dey all can't ketch any Snark without a Bellman.

PROF. (unheeding) Oh, there's no escape, they'll drive me wild yet with it.

VENUS. You kin hunt it with thimbles!

PROF. (angrily) That's enough Venus! Don't drive

me mad with the blasted drivell! (Soliloquizing) Go in costume! go in costume!

VENUS. I'll lend you a thimble, Pafessa, if you want it.

PROF. A thimble! Yes, that's quite enough from you Venus. The idea of such a thing! What a nice mess for a quiet New England home! A Snark Party! Do you know anything about this affair?

VENUS. Yes, indeed! Oh, Pafessa Bonny; it's gis a goan to be livin fun. You'd die to see the two ole Blitherses, they're a goan to be mermaids, you know.

PROF. What, mermaids?

VENUS. Yes, mermaids. Dizzy mermaids. Do you grab on?

PROF. You don't mean it. Let us pray! (wilts)

NENUS. (Laughing) Oh dey'se goan to look mighty sweet. You want to look out an not get mashed. Dey bin sewin' on scales on dey're tails for two days.

PROF. Scale and tails! Shades of the Pilgrim Fathers!

VENUS. Yes, indeed, an you'd betta git a police to watch yo' heart w'en you see 'em. Das' all!

PROF. When I see them? Yes, I'll see 'em farther!

VENUS. Oh, Pafessa, aint you awful!

PROF. No, I'm not! (WRITES.)

MY DEAR MISS BLITHERS:

Owing to circumstances over which I have no control, I will be compelled to absent myself from the delightful Snark Party this evening. Sincerely wishing that it were otherwise, and hoping that the party will prove--prove--What? Prove a lesson! No, prove--prove--

VENUS. Bang up!

PROF. I'm writing this, if you please!--Will prove a complete success,
I am yours,

MICAJAH BONNY.

VENUS. (Laughing) What a name!

PROF. (Thrusts note into Venus' hand) Never mind the name! You take that to Philena and say that I've gone out, mind you.

VENUS. All rite Pa'fessa.

PROF. A little white lie, but here's something for you, to-morrow's Christmas.

VENUS. Oh, thank you, Pafessa. (laughing) I'll tell'a dat you's gone an hour. Little white lies doant count so colud folks nohow. Dat's wat Dodgenes says, anyhow.

PROF. Ha, ha. Well, don't stop. (Puts on hat and coat.)

VENUS. Give my regards to Cop'rel Dodgnes if you see 'im Pafessa.

PROF. He's old enough to be your father and married besides with a grown up family. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

VENUS. Yes, but he's a sweet ole man jes de same, and and he's done promised me a pair ob silk hosiery fo' Christmas, an' I'm a goan to make 'im come to time wid 'em.

PROF. Bah! Bah! get out of this. Don't talk about such things to me.

VENUS. (On her dignity) I said hosiery, if you please!

PROF. Git, for heaven's sake!

VENUS. Oh, you's goan to miss all de fun. (laughing) De mermaids 'll be jes too, too (exit laughing.)

PROF. Miss the fun! Yes, I rather calculate to miss it. I'm too delicate to stand viewing Philena as a mermaid. Philena, Philena! you withered verbena! A Bernhardt glove would make 'er an ulster. No, Philena. shape aint your forte. Your hold is conversations about the May Flower. But if you must go into the mermaid business, as a favor, let me pick you out a good lonely rock to bask upon. Oh, I'd find 'er a daisy rock in the Indian archi-

peligo. Well, I shall just manage to have pressing business enough to keep me well clear of such tantrums, unless I wish to part with what little mental equilibrium I have remaining. Such an evening as they propose and I'd go raving looney. So I'm off. (Goes to door.)

(A Knock—Prof. opens door.)

(Enter Philena smiling.)

PROF. (Aside) D. Philena!

(Aloud) Ah, Miss Blithers!

PHILENA. One moment, my dear Professor! We've just received your regrets, which we're not going to accept: we will not allow you to say no! You must come! It's just in your line, you know; you can't fail to enjoy yourself, and we expect you to make most of the fun for us, as Bellman. You know the book so well; and oh, we could not think of sparing our Bellman, above all others; besides we are not receiving any regrets.

PROF. But, my dear Miss Blithers, duty first and pleasure after, you know.

PHILENA. It's no use, my dear Professor—I'll hear no excuses. It has all been arranged in your honor, and we have voted you our brave captain, our Bellman. For 'twas you who first opened to us the enchanted pages, you know!

PROF. (Aside.) Too true! Too true!

(Aloud) I assure you, Miss Philena, that I appreciate the honor conferred; and I would indeed be a monster to refuse upon such an occasion, but—

PHILENA. Oh, I knew you'd come! You will be simply an ideal Bellman.--Now as to your costume!--

PROF. (Aside.) I'm booked! (Aloud.) Miss Blithers I had some business to attend to this evening, but I think

that by managing a little this afternoon I can have the evening to myself.

PHILENA. Ah! I appreciate your acceptance all the more at the sacrifice, my dear Professor--And now the costume-- Knowing your time to be so occupied, I have taken that responsibility upon myself.

PROF. Oh, Pray do not think of such a thing, My dear Miss Blithers, I'm sure you're putting yourself to too much trouble!

PHILENA Quite the contrary! It's a pleasure, indeed it is. Trust to me--Here's the cap! (Producing a striped woolen cap from her pocket.)

PROF. (Aside.) Well, that caps the climax!

PHILENA. It's a particular favor to let you wear this family heirloom. The favorite cap of our dear departed Uncle Hezekiah Blithers, of whom you have heard us speak, no doubt.

PROF. (Aside.) No less than a million times!

(Aloud.) A favor that I appreciate, indeed!

PHILENA. I'm glad you like it! and the rest of the things which you'll need, I'll have aired, and laid out for you; and now, before you go out, Professor. I'll just tie a little reminder on your finger. (Ties)

There! Is that too tight?

PROF. Oh no, that does very well.

PHILENA. (Repeating.)

"The Bellman himself they all praised to the skies—
Such carriage, such ease and such grace!

Such Solemnity, too! one could see he was wise
The moment one looked in his face!"

"He had brought a large map representing the sea,
Without the least vestige of land:

And the crew were much pleased when they found it be—
A map they could all understand."

(Laughing) So don't forget to bring a map—and, as for a bell—the dinner bell is just the thing.

PROF. Yes, yes, oh yes!

PHIL Oh the bell! I see you ringing it now Professor!
(Exit Philena laughing.)

PROF. Oh the bell, she sees me ringing it--Oh the hell she sees me ringing it! Well, (looking around) there's no one in the room! (Surveys the cap on all sides, and drops it.) Family heir-looms, eh! Well that looms up a trifle too strong for me! Second-hand nightcaps and chest-protectors--nicely aired! No--thanks! no; no Bellinan in mine! No Snarks for Micajah this evening---Good evening! I'll go over and entrench myself in the lecture-room, (Puts a bottle in his pocket.) and put in the evening in a quiet, sane manner; like a civilized white man.--Snark party be--(Exit Prof. banging the door after him.)

PROLOGUE

Scene 2nd.

Professor Bonny's Lecture Room in College—Blackboard covered with drawings of extinct animals—A pile of fossil bones in corner---Skeleton of a Gorilla near blackboard---Desk with a bell upon it--- A chair—Clock upon wall.

PROF. (Pauses and listens) Now, who in the world can this be coming up stairs? It will suit me just as well, and better, perhaps, that no one should know I am here.

(Steps behind the door)

(Enter LaFayette Singing

"Dip me in de Golden Sea.") Well, I done beat de ole man heah dis ebenin, and if I doesn't friten de wool rite off my ole nigga Uncle's head, den I'se a billie goat, das all! Strike me will he! Ya! ya! but I wuz too sooner fo him de fust time, and he come a woppo! and mashed out a window lite wid' his han' Ya, Ya! and riled up de ole woman. Ya, ya! But I'll scar de life outen him dis ebenin! (Tries a step) I'll git dat step yet. Ah! Heah he comes! I kin tell dat ole game leg ob his'n a mile off! (Imitates Diogenes' limp, and gets under the desk.)

(Enter Diogenes with broom and dust brush—Takes off his soldier cap, and knots a yellow bandanna about his head, glancing furtively at the skeleton.)

DODGE. Oh no, ole Death obber da! Dars no ust ob yo grinin at de ole Cop'rel; you nebba git a chance to

ketch him in de dark! no'n deedy! De ole man's boun to do dis ghost-walk fo' sun-set! De days done a gitten too short now to put off a doin dishanted place till de last one, and let de black night ketch him in heah, oh no! De ole Cop'rel knows all de moves ob yo' kind o' people! (sweeps) Um! You's nuffun nohow but a ole harmless lot of bones—ole harmless bones! Science tells me dat. Science! (A slight noise.) Hi! Wat's dat noise? (clock ticks.) Um! Pear to me dat clock a tickin' mighty loud. Um! Wat's dat clock cuttin up shines 'bout? Um! De ole Cop'rel don't git scart wid de like ob sich tings, no'ndeed, nor nuthun else! De ole Cop'rel 'll git up da, and stop yo ole ticka entirely fo' yo; Betta not be a comin' any yo shines on a ole soja like Coprel Dodgenes. Um! He's got a wah reco'd, he is. A wah reco'd! and don't yo fo'get it! (sweeps) Whieu! (Imitates the sound of wind.) Listen to dat wind a howlin—Goodness, gracious! Dat's jes de way it come a talkin de night afta de battle, when all dem soljas was a layin dead. Um! Dis heah's a lonely place anyways; seem like dat ole fool Pafessa go an jes try to make de ugliest pictures on dat black-board he kin. Um! Dat man's plum gone crazy bout science, he is.

Professor (Bows and Smiles)

But de good Lo'd knows ole Dodgenes don't b'leve none ob dis ya science dat he talks to dese ya ineducated back-street niggas. No'n deedy. Dats all foolin, dat's jes to counfoun' de ign'ant cully hed niggas, das' all! Cop'rel Dodgenes name down in gold lettas, one ob de fighten soljas ob de Lo'd, an no ghost ken bodda de good chuch niembas, no'n deedy! (Sings)

“Oh de Lo'd deliba'd Danyell

F'om de lion's den:

Den if de Lo'd deliba'd Danyell.

Oh why not ebberi man?”

(LaFayette is slowly moving the skeleton toward the desk)

DODGE. Yes, but dat aint de pint no' de question. Dat boy's got to do dis heah room; he's plenty big 'nuff, an' he's got to do't. De ole man's got 'nuff to do all de big rooms; an dis heah little small room dat LaFayette's got to do an renda a little resistance bout tings. If he's skeert to come in heah, its high time he wuz a gitten obba sich boy's ways, and a makin a man ob hissself. De idea any way ob em a makin a regla boneyard ob dis room! Dey all didn' hab 'nuff bones in heah already but dey mus' go yestaday an fetch dat in! Dey'll go dig up Judas Skariot to match ole Geeto obba da next, to try an see if dey can't outflank de ole cop'rel, and see how much muss dey kin make in heah; but de ole Coprel aint gwine to be outflanked by a whole cart load ob sich, oh no! (Glances at skeleton and starts.) Fo' de good Lo'd it moved! Oh now I lay me down to sleep! (Sweeping desperately and starts up the hymn again.)

"De Lo'd deliba'd Daniel!"

(LaFayette places the skeleton in the chair—points finger at Dodge—puts soldier cap on its head—rings the bell and disappears under the table uttering a sepulchral groan.)

(Diogenes turns and sinks on his knees howling in firght.) Oh! oh my. oh! Mista solja! Oh Mista solja! I nebba stole yo' clothes! I only took em to keep fo' yo! Yo' Coprel's clothes! Don't harm me, pore ole Dodgenes, de ole nigga cook ob de mess! Oh! don't harm me! (LaFayette blurts out laughing.) Ya, ya! Oh yo ole fritened fool yo! Oh, I done caught yo dis time! Ya, ya! nuthun but an ole cook is yo! Yo aint no Coprel, nuthun but a cook! ya, ya! (Rushes out, pursued by Dodge, broom in hand.)

DODGE. Oh you mean, contempt'ble, little houn' ob Satun! I show yo, how to come a tryin' to play yo' tricks on de ole man! I show yo'! T'iefs! Robba's! Hidebindas! Cutt'roats! Inta'lopa's! (Clatter without--Professor emerges from behind the door, laughing)

PROF. Oh Dodge! Dodge! --But there's no use of your trying to catch him; Your old dodgeknees'll never dodge fast enough for that double jointed little rascal Well, Well, What an old Diogenes you are alter all! With all your right-wheel flanks, and out-flanks, tactics and grand-tactics; With all your dignity and shoulder-straps---to be nothing but a cook! an old army cook! With all the science I have taken such pains to teach you--to be frightened half to death at a monkey's skeleton, and ghosts!--But our old Corporal nothing more than a cook!--How art the mighty fallen! No--no, old Dodge, I've known you too long to think of you as anything else than Corporal. We've sworn by you took long to go back on you now; Why the reputation of the college would decline were our Corporal discovered to be a fraud! No, Diogenes, I will not give you away! Besides, after all is said, ghosts--in one way or another--quietly sway most human affairs. Yes, such a test might well cause a better corporal to go over to the enemy, to say nothing of you--poor, limping, old Diogenes! For although ghosts are not a part of the scientist's creed, yet supernatural fears are the inheritance from the ages to mankind--black, white, red or yellow; Yes, yes, the world is wise--the world is brave--But from, behind the door one sees queer things! (A noise without.) Ah, here he comes back; He could'nt catch the boy. (Takes up a book)

(Enter Corporal-- starts on seeing the Professor)

PROF. Good evening Corporal.

DODGE. Wy good ebenin' Pafessa Bonny; Wy a w'en did you come in heah?

PROF. Just now. What's this monkey's skeleton doing here, and what were you chasing LaFayette with the broom for? What's been going on anyhow?

DODGE. (Aside) Monkey skil'ton?- monkey skil'ton? Um! Well I is an ole fool fo' a shoo fac! (Aloud) You - you see me a chasen dat boy? Wy a wha' wuz you at Pafessa?

PROF. Why you both passed me running.

DODGE. Did we? Well, well, I nebba seed you Pafessa. I jes' tell yo' 'bout dat skilton—dat monkey skilton: but a yah, yah! yo' jes' ot' to a bin heah a little while ago to see de fun I had wid dat boy an' dat monkey's skilton! ya! ya! (slapping his leg.) Oh you's come jes' too late to see de fun! ya! ya!

PROF. Yes, it looks like someone had been having fun in here.

DODGE. (Aside) Um! (Aloud) You see, Pafessa Bonny, dat boy Lafeyet's fraid ob his shaddow, he is, an allers bin skeert ob comin in dis room; an so I thot twuz 'bout time to git sich nonsense outen his head, an make 'im make a man ob hissef; I done fixed dat ole monkey skilton dat a ways--jes de way you see't- an den coaxed de boy in, and a ya! ya! yo jess ot to a bin heah Pafessa--I wuz a goan to teach de boy a little sciene, an 'splain de pictu's on de black-bo'd, yo know; but a my oh! ya! ya! De minnit he lay eyes on dat ole harmless monkey, he wuz out dat doo' like he's shot outen a gun, a holler'n yellen jes as you see.

PROF. He was laughing when he passed me

DODGE. Laffen'? Yes, I reckon he wuz! He wuz plum crazy he wuz!

PROF. You should'nt frighten a boy so badly, Corporal, he might not get over it.

DODGE. Oh he'll git obba't all rite, Pafessa, I did'n scare him so bad as dat. But I'se goan put a stop to sich cowa'd ways; De ole Coprel wont hab no cowa'ds 'bout him, no'n deed! I brek his little cowa'd back fo' 'im, I will! Herun too tas' so de Coprel's wounded knee-pan, but I'll take 'im outen his bed dis night ob our Lo'd, an cut de cowa'd rite outen his system. 'Sides he's gitten too lazy an sassy anyways, an I'se gwine to brek 'im in to renda de ole man a little resistance.

PROF. Certainly, Corporal, he should render you some resistance. (Dodge moves skeleton back, and shakes his fist at it.)

DODGE. Yes, de idee ob him a growin up in ign'ance, impidence, an stan-up collas! A wasten his time a playen base-ball wid de students, an a stealin out nights de debble. only know whar!—a getten to be a regla night-hawk he is. But dars one ting, Pafessa, dat de Coprel cant an wont stan' an dat's a cowa'd. De idee ob him degracen de fam'ly! What! No sah! I'se goan teach 'im a lesson dis day our Lo'd he wont fo'git soon! Yes'n deed!

PROF. Oh, the boy'll get over all that, Diogenes, and be a Corporal himself yet.

DODGE. He make a coprel! He aint goan to lib long nuff, he aint! No, no, Pafessa, de ole Coprel's gwine to fix dat boy! Dam little rascal! Houn' ob Satun! Mean little sneak! I show 'im! Tiet! Robba! Cutthroat! Hidebindal Intalopa! (Exit Dodge in a pet.)

PROF. Ha, ha! Well, white lies don't count for colored people. But I ought to have been here to see the fun! Nevermind, nevermind, Diogenes. Man is the only animal

that can lie, notwithstanding Aesop to the contrary. A hyena can laugh; but no animal but man can lie; and the only difference in this respect between you and I Coporal is that I'm a little more successful liar than you, though not a better. But by this time, I suppose, Philena is getting on the anxious seat. Knew I'd make an ideal Bellman, did she? Well, I will; I'll make a daisy! But I remain here, just the same. So go ahead with your Snark Party, Philena; the Bellman's perfectly willing. (Pours a glass of spirits and drinks it off.) Well, well! what a lot of vertebrates we all are, to be sure, embarked together in this gyration around the sun, hunting the Snark in a circle, with the solemn old Bellman, Custom, in command; and all going on with as much matter-of-fact seriousness as the Snark hunting in that blasted nonsense book, with Bellman, Barrister, Beaver and all on board their queer ship. Yes, the world is very like that same old ship; and I believe 'twas but the fascination of my old love—the sea—that caused such infernal nonsense to get such a hold upon me, at first. Ah, little would one think that old Micajah, amongst the dry bones of the prehistoric period, had ever "gone down to the sea in ships" and been a sailor in his young days! But often has "Old Bony," though not so bony then, hauled tacks and sheets, buntlines and clewlines; and sung the chauntay songs of the deep. What rare old songs they were! Yes, and what rare fellows sung them, too! Ah, old chums, where are you now! where, indeed! and chief among all, Bosum Tom! You surely must be somewhere in some corner of the world! Your merry voice has not gone forever! No, no, methinks I see your eye twinkle, as of old, though beneath a snowy brow, as you spin your cuffers in the snuggest corner of the Snug

Harbor. May it be so, Tom! Even now your voice rings o'er departed years, in my old favorite, "Ranzo."

(Repeats the words, slowly.)

Oh, 'tis of the roving Ranzo. Ranzo, boys! Ranzo.
 He shipped on board of a whaler, Ranzo, boys! Ranzo.
 He could not do his duty. Ranzo, boys! Ranzo.
 Now the mate he was a bad man, Ranzo,
 He sent him to the Bosun.
 Now the Bosun being a bad man,
 He gave him five-and-twenty, Ranzo, boys! Ranzo.
 Now the Captain being a good man,
 He took him in the cabin, Ranzo.
 And gave him pipes and baccy,
 And taught him navigation.
 And now he's captain of a whaler.

(The orchestra begins a low accompaniment, and the Professors head drops on his breast—a transparent scene discloses a blue sea with a full-rigged ship—Music and picture slowly cease and fade—The Professor snores—Curtain.)

Enter Puck.

My name is Puck, I've met you before;

I knock about Earth, and have fun galore;

As knowing and jolly as ever, you see,

Such fools to amuse one these mortals do be!

Both day-light and night-time my fun I pursue;

For the matter of sleeping, so common to you,

I do not require, and seldom turn in,

Unless I've been boozen' ambrosial gin.

And then forty winks is all I require,

Curled up on the point of Trinity spire;

And whil'st drowsy mortals are snoring to beat---

I whisk 'em up dreams by recipes neat.

And that Puck's a bad sprite, I've heard no one say;

Tho' the same pranks I played long before Shake-
 spoke's day;

In Athens, and Rome, London, York, and Timbuc,

All own that the jolliest sprite's little Puck.

(Turning to sleeping Professor)

Now here's a savant, both old and gray,
 Who, in the walks of Science, many a day,
 Has led the youthful mind, mid hopes and fears,
 By pleasant paths, this score of busy years.

I with our Fairy Queen did intercede
 To give to him the old Snark book to read;
 To give his ruttid mind a turning over,
 And turn, as 'twere, this oer wrought work-horse into
 clover.

And now I'll fix him for a jolly dream;
 And long before the break of morrow's beam,
 He'll be upon the merriest kind of lark,

Himself the Bellman who shall hunt the Snark."
 (Trips to Professor's side and whispers in his ear, etc)
 (Exit Puck.)

(Curtain.)

I.
ACT II.

*Scene on deck of a ship—A companion-house
—sky-light—mast, with ropes and ratlins running
up from each side—Main-yard with sail furled
—Rail with belaying pins—A low table with
a pin-cushion upon it—A Billiard-Table—
Coils of rope, etc—Curtain rises, with
sailors hauling and singing.*

Bos. Oh haul on the bowlin',
And keep the vessel rollin'.

(Chorus of sailors hauling together at close of each couplet.)

Away! Haul away!

Haul away Joe.

My Josie is my darlin';
I love her in the mornin'.

I love her in the evenin'
I love her in the mornin'

Oh once I was in Ireland
A diggin' turf and taties;

But now I am on shipboard
A haulin' lifts and braces.

Of all the jolly voyages
I ever went a fishin';

To hunt the Snark's the jolliest,
As I'm a bloomin' Christian!

Bos. Belay my hearties!

(Enter Bellman, ringing his bell, and followed by the Banker, Barrister, Beaver, and Billiard-marker. Beaver seats itself on deck before the table, and begins making lace. Billiard marker goes to practicing.)

BELL. Just the place for a Snark, and the weather is clear!

Methinks I can hear it at play!

Quick—four of you get to the kelson, and steer,

The rest can have dog watch to-day:

Excepting our Beaver, as you will observe,

Will, of course, take his Beaver-watch too;

And all without watches, I'll endeavor to serve,

As soon as the voyage is through.

Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice;

That alone, should encourage the crew;

Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice—

What I tell you, three times, is true.

CREW. He has said it thrice

What he tells us three times, is true.

BELL. You each will advance, in single-file,

As you hear yourselves mentioned by name,

We'll try to do all things in seaman like style

As we sail both for profit and fame.

CREW. (Repeat last couplet.)

BELL. The Barrister brought, to arrange the disputes,

I hope has his brief-bag well filled.

And also the lowly, though honor'ble Boots,

Is on hand, all properly frilled.

We are now near the spot, if my bell rings aright,
Where the Bandersnatches fly,
When they shape their course
Sou'west by North, and fly Nor'easterly.

(Enter Thing-um-a-jig.)

CREW. (laughing) Hello, Hi! What-you-may-call-'em! What's-his-name! Hello Thing-um-a-jig! Oh, Fritter-me-wig, how are you?

THING. (vacantly.) Splice y'er main brace! Ship ahoy!

(Steps on the Beaver's tail.)

Bos He will answer to Hi, or any loud cry,
 Such as Fry-me ! or Fritter-me-wig!
 To What-you-may-call-'em, or Whats-his-name,
 But especially Thing-um-a-jig.

(Crew Repeat in chorus.)

Bos. He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,
 With his name painted clearly on each;
But since he omitted to mention the fact,
 They were all left behind on the beach.

(Crew repeat verse.)

Bos. But the loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because
He had seven coats on when he came,
With three pairs of boots, but the worst of it was
He had wholly forgotten his name.

(Crew repeat.)

(Bellman passes his hand over Thing's phrenological bumps)

BELL. Though his form be ungainly, his intellect small
 —'Twill pay you to hear this remark—
 His courage is perfect, and that, after all,
 Is the thing that one needs with a Snark.

(Crew repeat last couplet, and Thing. appears to be speaking to Bellman.)

BELL. He jokes with hyenas, returning their stare
 With an impudent wag of his head;
 And he once went to walk, hand-in-hand with a
 bear,
 Just to keep up it's spirits, he said.

(Crew repeat verse.)

CREW. He will answer to Hi, or any loud cry,
 Such as Fry-me ! or Fritter-me-wig!
 To What-you-may-call-'em, or Whats-his-name,
 But especially Thing-um-a-jig.

BELL Come listen my men, while I tell you the main,
 The five unmistakable marks
 By which you may know, wheresoever you go,
 The warranted, genuine Snarks.

(Crew repeat last line as they crowd 'round Bellman.)

BELL. Let us take them in order. The first is the taste
 Which is maegre and hollow, but crisp;
 Like a coat that is rather too tight in the waist,
 With a flavor of Will-o-the-wisp.

(Crew repeat last couplet.)

BELL. It's habit of getting up late, you'll agree
That it carries too far, when I say,
That it frequently breakfasts at five o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

CREW. It frequently breakfasts at five-o'clock tea,
And dines on the following day.

BELL. The third is it's slowness in taking a jest,
Should you happen to venture on one,
It will sigh like a thing that is deeply distressed,
And it always looks grave at a pun.

(Crew repeat verse.)

BELL. The fourth is it's fondness for bathing machines,
Which it constantly carries about;
And believes that they add to the beauty of
scenes.
A sentiment open to doubt.

(Crew repeat verse.)

BELL. The fifth is ambition. It next will be right
To describe each particular batch;
Distinguishing those that have feathers and bite,
From those that have whiskers and scratch.

(Crew repeat verse.)

BELL. For although common Snarks do no manner of
harm.

Yet I feel it my duty to say, some are Boo-
jums

Good people what is your alarm?

Oh, Fry-me has fainted away!

(Thing. faints at mention of Boojums—All crowd around him—The Beaver displays great anxiety and rushes around generally—Bellman rings bell in his ear, and all repeat with him.)

Oh rouse him with muffins, and rouse him with ice;
 Oh rouse him with mustard and cress;
 Oh rouse him with jam and judicious advice;
 Oh set him conundrums to guess.

(A plate of muffins is held under Thing's. nose—Crew repeating lines the while—He recovers, seizes plate and goes to devouring muffins.)

BELL. Come, rouse up my man, and list, if you can.
 Don't act like a lunatic stark!
 Remember your courage! Remember your
 cause!
 Remember you're hunting the Snark!
 (Crew repeat verse.)

(Thing. eating while speaking.)

THING. Oh if you keep silence, I'll try for to speak,
 And my sad tale endeavor to tell.

BELL. Come, let us have silence! Not even a shriek!
 Can't you see that I'm ringing my bell!
 Let's have silence supreme—not a shriek nor a
 scream,
 Not even a howl or a groan;
 Let the man we call Ho, tell his story of woe
 In his antediluvian tone!

THING. My father and mother were honest tho' poor--

BELL. Skip all that, and try to make haste
If it once becomes dark, there's no chance of
a Snark,
And there's hardly a minute to waste.

THING. I skip forty years! Tho' it cost me these tears,
And proceed without further remark,
To the day when you took me aboard of your ship,
To help you in hunting the Snark.

A dear uncle of mine, after whom I was named,
Remarked when I bade him farewell.

BELL. Oh skip your dear uncle! Your uncle be
blamed!

Always skip when I tingle my bell!

THING. He remarked to me then—Did that dearest
of men—

If your Snark be a Snark, that is right,
Fetch it home, by all means, you may serve it
with greens;
And it's handy for striking a light.

CREW. He remarked to him then---did that dearest of
men--

If your Snark be a Snark, that is right,
Fetch it home by all means, you may serve it
with greens,
And it's handy for striking a light.

BELL. You CAN serve it with greens! To be sure, by
all means!

It IS handy for striking a light.

THING. You may seek it with thimbles, and seek it
 with care;
 You may hunt with forks and hope.
 You may threaten its life with a railway share,
 You may charm it with smiles and soap.

BARRISTER (mysteriously)
 You may seek it with judgments, subpoena
 with care.
 You may hunt it with warrants and writs
 You may threaten to make it your legal heir;
 You can coax it with cognovits.

BANKER. You may seek it with interest, and seek it
 with loans.
 You pursue it with mortgage and lien,
 Chuck it under the chin with a government
 bond,
 And call it your sweet sixteen.

(Crew repeat verse.)

BELL. That's exactly the method, so I've been told,
 Your uncle, at least, has not lied.
 That's exactly the method I've always been
 told
 That the capture of Snarks should be tried.

THING. (with great agitation.)
 But Oh beamish nephew, beware of the day
 If your Snark be a Boojum! For then
 You will softly and suddenly vanish away
 And never be met with again !
 (Crew repeat verse.)

THING. It is this! It is this! That oppresses my soul
 When I think of my uncle's last words
 And my heart is like nothing so much as a
 bowl

Brimming over with quivering curds.

It is this! It is this!—

BELL. We have heard that before!
 They all of them heard what you said!

THING. It is this. It is this. Let me say it once more.
 It is this! It is this! That I dread!

CREW. It is this! It is this! Let him say it once more,
 It is this! It is this! That he dreads!

THING. I engage with the Snark every night, after
 dark,

In a dreamy delerious fight:

I serve it with greens in those shadowy
 scenes,

And I use it for striking a light.

CREW. He serves it with greens in those shadowy
 scenes

And he takes it for striking a light.

THING. (In agitation.)

But if ever I meet with a Boojum! That day,
 In a moment of this I am sure,

I shall softly and suddenly vanish away,
 And the notion I can not endure!

BELL. We should all of us grieve, as you well may
 believe,

If you never were met with again—
 But surely, my man, when the voyage began,
 You might have suggested it then!

(Crew repeat verse.)

BELL. Ah! What-you-may-call-em 'tis sad I allow,
 If only you'd spoken before!
 It's excessively awkward to mention it now
 With the Snark, so to speak, at the door.

(Crew repeat last couplet.)

BELL. We should all of us grieve, as you well may
 believe,
 If you never were met with again.
 But surely, my man, when the voyage began
 You might have suggested it then.

(Crew repeat verse.)

THING. You may charge me with murder, or want of
 sense,
 We are all of weak at times.

But the slightest approach to a false pretence,
 Was never among my crimes.

CREW. But the slightest approach to a false pretence,
 Was never among his crimes.

THING. I said it in Hebrew, I said it in Dutch,
 I said it in German and Greek.

But I wholly forgot, and it vexes me much
 That English is what you speak!

CREW. He said it in Hebrew &c.

BELL. 'Tis a pitiful tale, and clear on its face
 Without need of a further word.
 But now that you've stated the whole of
 your case
 More debate would be simply absurd.
 The rest of your speech, my jolly, when
 We've leisure, you shall speak it.
 But the Snark is at hand, Let me tell you
 again
 'Tis your glorious duty to seek it.

THING. But oh beamish nephew, beware of the day,
 If your Snark be a Boojum, For then
 You will softly and suddenly vanish away,
 And never be met with again.

(Covers his eyes, and falls to his knees as the vision of
 of his uncle appears, sitting up in bed, giving his warning.)

[A transparent scene—See cut in book.]

BELL. Break off this painful scene, Bosun! Haul
 away on some rope or other, and give us "Ranzo!"

Bos. Aye, Aye! Your Grabhooks! All hands get to
 the ropes here! Look alive, me buccoes!

BELL. Take a belayin' pin to 'em, if they won't go, and
 club Yankee Doodle out of 'em!

(Bellman runs hither and thither, ringing his bell—Bosun
 drives all, Beaver included, to the ropes; where they string
 out, and haul and sing with the sailors, in the choruses)

Bos Haul aft there on the fore de gallant-braces or I
 sthruck ye over the head wid the double-tackle-block ye
 lubbers! Now, steady as she goes, lads! (Starts singing
 „Ranzo,,- Bellman goes aloft, and rings his bell as they
 sing. [See cut in book.]

Curtain.

II.
ACT 3rd.

Scene below deck in cook's galley—Cooking-range—Pots, pans, and utensils hung up—Dresser—A wooden bench—A lighted lantern swinging overhead—A skylight—Vessel gently rolling—Time, early morning—Boots and Codfish taking their coffee.

BOOTS. And so, Codfish, they tell me that you are a town-poet. Do you deny the allegation?

CODFISH. Yes, good Boots, such was I before I was translated.

BOOTS Translated? Shanghied, you mean.

COD. Well, Shanghied or translated, here I am!

BOOTS. Yes, but what are you, now you are here? And don't you wish you wasn't here?

COD. Indeed, good Boots, and I wish I were dead!

BOOTS. Ha! ha! Well, you shouldn't let the old cook make it as hard for you as that. He's nothin' but an old bluffer; Why don't you call 'im, and see w'at he's got?

COD. I know what he's got--He's got me till the end of this voyage; W'y he's got the temper of a roaring lion! I think he's without conscience, and would not scruple to add another to his already long list of maimings and murders.

(Resistance enters---Cod. starts---he yawns and curls up on the dresser.)

BOOTS. Well, you say you *were* a poet then?

COD. Listen, Boots: I, Codfish, with the badge of servility around my neck, was, none the less, town-poet of Metropolisville; and as such honored and respected until

the occurrence I shall now relate: The church choir of which I was a member, produced the Opera of Patience; and to me was allotted the part of Grosvenor, to the Patience of a gantling, corkscrew, old maid, soprano; who held her position owing to the influence of eight wealthy brothers. The performance went on well enough till Grosvenor's duet with Patience of "Willow Willow Waley," came on, when in the tender passage of "I would fain discover if you have a lover," by some unholy streak of unluck, I said diskiver for discover. Hoping, however, that so slight a blunder would pass unnoticed, I deftly rhymed the next line with it, and out it came! I would fain diskiver if you have a liver? Hey! Willy Waley oh.

Boors. That let you out of town-poet's billet for that burg, I 'spose?

Cod. That let me out the back window! Eight bad brothers charged, as Patience shrieked and fainted, and one Grosvenor dived through a memorial window.

Boors. And bobbed up serenely aboard ship. But how does your skull adapt itself to the scullery?

Cod. Ah Boors! In this galley am I a galley-slave indeed!

Boors. Peeling spuds, must be something of a change for you; But you'll soon get acclimated. No fear!

Cod. No doubt, But never did I dream that proud and queenly ships contained such things as vulgar cook shops!

Boors. It seems a shame; but sailors, notwithstanding the intellectual character of spinning cuffers, do occasionally descend the level of bean soup and salt-hoss. Such is the stern cold fact! And thus, one by one, are the bottoms knocked out of all our dear, pet fancies!

Cod. But do you think we shall catch a Snark?

BOOTS. The Bellman seems to think so.

(Able seaman cautiously intrudes his head and enters.)

1st A. B. Aye mate, will you just look at this now! The bloody fluunkies a settin' here a takin' their ease mon, like officers of the ship a havin the best the ship affords. D'ye mind that now mate? Come, give an able seaman a sup, won't you?

(2nd A. B. enters, says nothing, but takes the coffee-pot and plate of toast and goes to eating.)

1st A. B. Here, here, come and look sharp me lad! Don't be a makin' a hog of yerself! Let a chum have a sup, wont you mon? Come, give us some of the tea and toast, mon alive!

2nd AB. Well aint you a foine lookin' auld shell-back to be askin' fur tay and twost? (Eating.) Sailors *is* a gettin' high-toned! The auld nagur cook's right enough.

1st AB. Come! come! Chummie! Don't be makin' a hog o' yerself altogether. A proper low kick I calls it mate! And if it wasn't for yer gray hairs, I'd fix you for it properly! So I would. (Poking the fire.) It's a good chum you are, certain!

2nd AB. Thot's right, mate, poke up the coals, and make us a few slices!

1st AB. (Brandishing the poker, as in sword practice.) Yes, I'll slice you! You little old dried up Landleaguer you!

2nd AB. Ha! ha! Now an' what d'ye call thim motions yer a makin' now? Ye bloody, big, sod of a Limejuicer ye! Jist moind the Limejuice moves of 'im! Fur all the wurld loike a big Shanghai rooster, a humpin' an' sparrin' around wid the gaffs! (Imitating his motions.)

1st AB. Then I see you're not aware of the cutlas drill.

That's the Queen's Own style, mon! You didn't know I was a soldier then! Aw mon, that's my trade! (Making the motions.) There's the cut, mon! and that's the thrust, mon! and, aw mon, thots the parry, do you see mon?

2nd AB. Ah go jimp over the side an say: Here goes nawbody! Jist give auld man Curly the bit av a sthick till I show His Nabbs there, the Home Rule cuts! (Looking around for a stick.)

1st AB. Come on with you then, sonny boy an' I'll show you a thing or two! Toe the line here!

2nd AB. Yis, in yer moind ye wull!

COD. Good sirs, don't fight in here, I beseech of you. For if anything's broken, it'll be taken out of my pay!

2nd AB. (Looking him over.) Well I'm a son av an Irish lord! if you aint the rarest lookin' fluunky thot iver I see. Go crawl in yer bunk, ye auld Moses ye, an' take a nap! From *your* pay! An' do yez fluunkys git paid anything? I thought they carried yez along fur yer good looks! Now there, Queen's Own! Sthand on yer detince! (Picks up the sky-light pole, and, holding it with both hands, lunges at 1st AB., whom he forces to the wall.) Defind yerself Queen's Own! Come! Toe the line! an' sthand up loike a man! Ye bloomin' big beef eaten' Johnny Bull ye!

BOOTS. Go in, Curly, you're doin' him proper!

1st AB. Keep back! Keep off!

2nd AB. Sthand up loike a man, an' let me poke the bloody Queen's Own rib out o' ye!

1st AB. I say, mate, fair play! Hi've no chance hat all mon! Yer stick's too long altogether! I calls quits! I does.

2nd AB. (Unheeding, and lunging as he talks.) Now thot's the Landleague cut! and here's the Home Rule parry!

This is the Dublin'guard! And this is the Limerick sashsha! Thraw dune yer sard or I'll run ye through yer middle! Ye wuz'nt aware that I wuz a sojer? W'y man, that's me thrade! Here you, Moses, take me sard!

COD. Look out! here comes the cook! (Fxfst Cod.)

2nd AB. What! The auld lame Slush! I'm off then!

Enter Diogenes, Chef de Cuisine.

He appears in door, and pauses a moment as if petrified at the sight, then limps boldly after the retreating forces, filling the air with exclamations of rage; picks up long knife and throws at them, it sticking in the woodwork of door; takes up another, wraps a towel around his left arm, stands in door and goes to bluffing.

Dodge. What! Sailo's? Tiefs! Robba's!! Cutthroats!!! Hidebinda's!!!! Intalopa's!!!! Loota's!!!!!! What! Fo' de Lo'd! Git to de debble out a dis! (All rush out, except Resistance, who is asleep.) What! (Charging.) De dirty ole shellbacks a comin' in heah 'mong de w'ite folk's cookin'! What! I shlow yo' how to come in heah an' mess w'en I'se out! (Throws a knife, taking care not to hit anyone however.) Come back heah if dars mun a 'mong yo'! I kearve yo' Spanish style! Come back! come back an' let me cut yo heart out! What? I'd do't in a holy minute! W'ats dat yo sayen'? Yo's lowed in galleys in odda shibs? Yes, well yo' aint in dis galley den! What? Dont call yoseffs sailo's! w'at! a lot ob ole bums an' tramps like you! W'at you know 'bout ship scrapin'? Sailo's? Um! Done shipped de tin can brigade out dis passage! But dont come in my galley, lookin' fo' no empty beer kegs, kase I kearve yo like I would a chunk ob ole salt-hoss! (Turns, with a self satisfied smile, and reenters galley talking to himself.) I reckon I got dem good an' bluffed anyways! (Catches sight of Resistance curled up asleep on the dresser) What! tryin' to sleep is yo'? (Catches him by the seat of his pants, and drops him

on the deck.) Dar! you 'wake yet boy? I'll try an' see if I cant outflank yo' an' yo' sailo' frens.

RESIST. (Upon his feet instantaneously.) Gosh A'mity!

DODGE. Yes it is gosh a'mity! Wat yo doin down on at deck boy? Git up fo' I scal' de wool off yo hed! Dar yo lay sleepin' leabin' me heah to do yo wok fo yo. W'at! aint yo wake yet? 'Sleep stannen up! Get on dat stock-pot an' stir dat scouse, an' look sharp! Quick's de wo'd an sharp's de motion! (Bustling about the range the while.) (Aside.) I dont like dat boy's looks noways—Got a mighty bad shaped fiten hed, he has jes' de same kind a bad stock in him as der wuz in dat little coon I see once butt two white men an' tree niggas a kicken.--Had a hed like a bullet an' couldn't be licked---Knock 'im down wid a brick-bat, an' he'd bounce rite up like injun rubba, a butten an knocken right an' left harda dan befo'; Dat boy's jes' an' odda pea out de same pod! An' it's got to be bluffo! bluffo! if we's gwine trabble togedda.--Bluff's de only road fo a wise man to trabble in dis wu'ld ob sin an sorrow 'Speshly wen yo's huntin' Snya'ks (Aloud.) Heah! Heah boy! You Resistunce! W'at yo mean by sich moves as dat! Dont be putten yo hed down like a billy-goat, in dis galley! Dont try to make nobody roun' heah 'bleve yo's a bad butten nigga! Kase 'twont do wid me sunrise! I split yo hed open wid a meat axe, yo put it down at me son! I seed too many a yo kine a people in my time! Betta save all yo' butten fo Snyahks! Well? w'at yo stannen da fo, wid dat hash factory open? Cant yo find nuthun to do? Do I haff to tell yo every day over de same bloody tings to do? Jess' keep on--keep on Sunrise! you'll find out purty soon wat ship yo on! (Goes to take a drink, and finde his bottle al-

most empty--He breaks out in wails of rage.) What? Oh fo de Lo'd! Tiefs! Robbas! Hidebindas! Cutthroats! Intalopas! Lootas! What? I'se ruined--I'se robbed! Dey done gone come in heahr an looted f'om de ole man's bottle ob squareface! Fear an tremble! Fear an tremble! Dar's a gwine to be a stinkpot busted in HongKong dis day ob our Lo'd! Resistunce, who done dis deed? who done dis bloody deed? Hol' on son --dont try to sneak out --You got bizness in heah now. Come heah an look dis bottle o squar-face in de eye! (Shoving the bottle in his face.) Look it in de eye son! look't in de eye! W'at yo skeet ob? An empty bottle cant bite yo, can it?

RESIST. (Sullenly.) Bottle aint got no eye! How *can* I look't in de eye?

DODGE. Doan prevusticate to me my son, yo cant git out ob't dat way! Heah! Look dis bottle o squar-face squar in de face! Now dar! yo *kin do dat* I reckon.

RESIST. Go on way wid dat bottle! I doan know nuthun bout't nor *who* drunk yo squar-face, I dont!

DODGE. What's dat? Speak up! Talk boy! Dont unda-take to lie to *me* sunrise! Dont try to tell *me* yo doan know who twuz! Dont try to braid a mule's tail! Ketch yo *lyen* to me, I scor yo mouf out wid sand an canvass! De good Lo'd knows dat dars *room* 'nuff in dat hash factry ob yo'n fo' a sailo' wid a squeegee! Come ya boy, an leve me smell yo breff! (Grabs him, and sniffs, bnt is almost knocked down by the odor.) Whieu! whieu boy! W'y didn yo tell me yo'd bin eaten inyuns? Wat yo mean by sech akshuns ennyways? You a gitten too smart, *you* is! (Resistance chuckles to himself.) Look ya, Resistunce, doan tink dat yo can come play gentlemun wid *me* an lay roun an poun

yo ear, an have me do de wo'k!—You doan know who yo 'long wid dis trip! Yo's done come shipmates wid de Ole Man ob de Sea, dis passagel! Look up! Look up heah boy! Dont tink yo can keep yo stinkpots fom busten in heah! I bust em so dey'll stink clean obba de mainmast! Didnt see nobody in heah I spose! What! an de galley chuck full ob dirty tramps an sailo's heah! Hidebindas intalopas an lootas messen up de deck--drunk an fiten -a wearin out de bench wid dey nasty greasy ole rags! What? an you dat I trusted- you dat's heah to keep em out--a layin dar poundin yo ear fo'ty knots an hour; Wa'tyo come sign fo Resistunce Cook fo if cant do yo duty? Is *I* heah to do *yo* wo'k fo *you*? or is *yo* heah to do *my* wok fo *me*? But no! Heah I comes in an find yo sleep!—a layin yosef out full length on de dressa-whar de white folks vittles got to go; Tink I gwine to 'low sich dirty ways bout *my* galley! (Blowing his nose, and wiping it on the towel.) What good yo spose yo is to me? If de Debble had you, an I had de pawn check, I wouldn't gib tuppence to git you out.---No, yo cant slide tro yo wo'k wid *me* an keep yo stinkpots fom bustin! Sleep? wy you'd sleep rite fro de day o judgment--wouldn't wake up till de nex mornin ten o'clock, same's usual, nohow! Well, wat yo stannen da fo? (Pauses, with arms a kimbo, and eyes him with an ominous smile.) Is you de Resistance Cook, or is you passenga? Hadn't yo betta go up in yo state-room an' take a nap? Aint yo fraid you'll spoil yo clothes down in sich a nasty plce's dis? Well den boy, if you cant move, I reckon *I* *kin* move you. (Grabbing him unawares, and cuffing him in back of the neck—puts a huge pot in his hands, and shoves him out the door.) Hum! I show yo an all yo kind how to play gentleman wid me! yo bloody little

monkey hidebinda you! Yo jes got wid de rite man fo sich kine tricks--Come take a good man's place will yo? What! I show em *all*! De bloody ciefs--robbas--cutthroats--hidebinds--intalopas--lootars! (Complacently.) Dar, I reckon I got *him* all rite! Yes indeed! de ole Coprel bluff em all. Ya! ya! (Holds the empty bottle, and gazes at it ruefully, and shakes nis head, and repeats the following couplet several times very impressively:)

Since *man* to *man* is *so* unjust,
I cannot tell *what man* to trust!

(Changing to angry tone suddenly:) But de ole man'll send de bloody lootar to leward, whoebba he is! What! De Chief Cook's bottle? Soona o lata mista smartman! You'll git caught up wid! De ole man bin roun de co'na too offun to low sech tricks as dat! Dey doan know wat a bad mule's tail deys a braiden, wen dey perzumes to come lootun fom de *ole mrv's* sacred bottle ob holy squirface! Somebody's stink-pot goan to bust fo long! an she's a gwine to be a mighty mean stink pot when she do bust! Yes indeedy!

(Enter Dismal Smith--with a very basso chuckle.)

DISMAL. (Chuckleing obsequiously.) Good morning, Cook.

DODGE. Good mo'nin yo'seff! Wat yo want Dismal, a comin in heah wid dat dismal chuckle ob yo'n, dis time in de mo'nin? Talk up, if yo got anyting to say, but doan standar an chuckle like a baboon!--yo'll git me wild!--What yo want in de galley anyway? I doan know wat bizness yo got Someone's gwine to get brought up wid a roun turn acco' din to de arorus an de demonstration! I show de bloody sailos an corn-fiel niggas how to come into *my* galley wid deyre persumin! I do dusspise a persumun nigga

*DISMAL. I thought it was about time to dish up.

DODGE. Dish up? Dish up? Git out a dis as fas as de Lo'd'll let yo! Dish up! Hm! I dish *you* up! Go on out, yo bloody sorrel nigga yo! Come get yo slop wen yo hears me call de rest o de pigs! Dont undatake to come in dis galley an bluff *me* kase yo a tryin sumpun dat nebba *wuz* done. Is it seben bells *now* by yo New Yo'k time? Kase it aint by my *New O'leans'* time den! an dats de time dat *dis* galley goes by!—Dont want no persumun Abe Lincum niggas roun me! Fo de Lo'd! yo come walkin in heah like yo thot yo wuz white folks. Hum! Git to de debble out a dis! Yo'll find out dars a heap o diffunce ship scrapen fom bein a bloody hotel plate chaser ashor'! (Exit Dismal, chuckling.)

DODGE. (Soliloq.) De idee ob dat dismal coon a tryen to shine up to Venus! De ole man's gwine to make it hard fo dat hightone coon dis passage. I show 'im how to try to cut de ole man out! Ef dey tinks dat de *ole man* aint a masha dey's a goan to go a long ways to leward! (Takes up bottle, and shakes his head regretfully. —Enter Ah Sam, cautiously looking behind; he does not see Dodge sitting in the corner, who remains quiet, and awaits developments; Sam almost runs into him before he sees him—starts slightly, but quickly recovers himself, and smiles sweetly—Dodge gives a significant grunt.)

AH SAM. Hello Cook!

DODGE. (Grunts for reply.)

AH SAM. Man up deck want cup coff.

DODGE. (Mimicing.) Man up deck want cup coff, Hey? (Aside.) Well, dis is beautiful, fo a sho fac'! De Chinese Empire's pooty ole, but taint ole 'nuff fo ole Dodgenes; No indeed! De ole man's too ole fo de Chinees Empire, an ah

dey're stink-pots; Dey's berry cute, but dey aint quite cute 'nuff! Dey doan know wat dey's tacklin, wen dey comes bucken agin, a ole *nigga's* time! Oh no! Dat'll ketch up de oldest one 'mong em! Hum! Loot fom *my* bottle, will he?

AH SAM. (Impatiently.) You no have make coff? You no have got?

DODGE. (Mildly.) No, Sam, no have coff yet; but you good boy --You likee dlinkee whisky? (Holding bottle out) Heap good!—Ole Dodgenes gwine take a dlink;—Alle samee makee you feel heap bully! Savey the boot?

AH SAM. No, cook, me no dlinkee wiskey---no likee--no good---me no dlinkee; me good boy--go Sunly schoo--alle samee Slavation Almee--singee song --you sabey?--You no have coff me go; Solong, cook. (Exit Ah Sam, singing)

DODGE. (Smiling.) Well intalopas an hidebindas all haff to go back o de clock fo de pig-tails! Yo pooty slick Sam, but yo aint slick 'nuff to slide roun dis galley! Oh no, Sam, De ole man's bin roun de co'na too many times to low any pig tail to git to wind'ard ob 'im! I reckons I'se got one o two ole Cape-Hon' tricks stowed away, dat'll s'prise de Chinese Empire! an Mista Ah Sam'll find his stink-pots bustin fore an aft, wen he git de ole Cook on his track!

Enter Resistance.

DODGE. Come ya, Resistunce! I'll show yo sumpun.

(Goes to the range, and removes a lid, and with his finger, blacks the mouth of the bottle with soot.)

Dat, Sunrise, is a trick dat'll count yo a few points, if you keep on ship-scrapin as long as I has; Dis is one ob de ole Cape-Ho'nahs--dis is!--One ob de tricks yo dont find out till yo bin roun' Cape Ho'n seven times--An I tell yo, rite heah, Resistunce, it'll take a heap olda man dan dar is on

dis ole flat-boat, to loot fom ole Dodgenes wid punacity— Watch me close now boy, an see how I do't. (Takes a drink and holds bottle up to the light.) Dar! (Smacks his lips.) Yo see, Resistunce, jes leve nuff in de bottle fo one drink--dats de bait!--Den yo rubs on yo soot--so--acco'din to de arorus an de demonstration; Now fo de strat'gy, son--strat'egy!--Yo take an set yo pole in de most spicious place, an den keep quiet, an let't 'lone, an give de fish a chance to nibble, an twont be long till sly mista sucka come along an take in de tid-bit, an git brot up wid a round turn, *wid de wo'ds tief--robba--intalopa, an loota, wrote in black lettahs roun his mouf. Ya! ya! Dat trick got seben ho'ns on it's hed an'll hook up de man it goes afta ebbry time! (Suits action to words, and places bottle in its place.) Come yar boy, lets see if yo complexion aint gitten spiled; unda dese equilateral Suns! (Draws his sooty finger across the boy's face, apparently, but making white streak with chalk concealed in his hand.) Ya! ya! Well Fo' de Lo'd! If soot dont make a white mark on dot boy's face, den I hope I may nabba see de back o my neck! What? Good Ginny blood dar! Ya! ya!

RESISTANCE. (Rubbing off the mark.) Dont be a putten dat dirty soot on my face!

DODGE. What's dat ,boy? Hum! I take an rub soot all obba yo body ef I want to!--You's a gitten altogedda too hedstrong--you is! Wait till we gits whar de Snark is! Den we'll all git a chance to see wat you's made of. Der'll be a time come fo all dat, Sunrise! Jes keep yo jumpa on Resistnce! an keep yo weatha eye open fo de Snahk in dese watahs! an twont be long till you'll want to be home wid yo good mudda! I'se a tellin you!

RESIST. (Aside.) Dat ole man a tryen to make me bleve I's a chile. Rub dat dirt on me! I reckon I wouldn't 'low dat asho', an I wont stan't heah much longa! I'll 'sert my sef, I will;—I'll sert my manhood! We's gwine come togeda fo dis voyage obba! Kase I dont keer how big a fighta he is, he aint hot 'nuff fo my nut wid dat game leg o his'n! I wont low no cripple to cuff me aroun like he's undatoken to do. But wat's all dis talken bout sompun dey all calls de Snahrk? I nebba heerd tell ob enny sich nonsense enny whar! I'd like to know what's all about anyways! I jess 'bleve I'll ask de ole man an fin out wat dey all means by't ennyways!

DODGE. Well, boy! Fo God sake dar yo stan agin doin nothun! Take yo hans ouden de Captun's pocket! Yo mite jess as well put yo han in de Captun's pocket, an take out so much money! Yo jes as much a tief wen yo steals time ez ef yo tuk an robbed a hen-roost ashor'.

RESIST. Ef yo please, Mista Chief Cook, I'd like to ask yo a quesshun.

DODGE. (Affecting great astonishment.) Well, fo de Lo'd! a quesshun? a quesshuh? Fo de Lo'd de boy ackshully wants to lean sompun! Well, den go on an be quick son, kase I aint got no time to stop an talk! Yo knows dat boy!

RESIST. It's dis, Mista Chief Cook,

DODGE. Dat's rite son, always put de tail to de name.

RESIST. I want to know, Mista Chief Cook, what it is dey calls de Snahrk, dat dey's all talken bout so much on dis ship?

DODGE. (Aside.) Dam ef de boy aint got me now! It's bout time dat de ole man wuz a gitten dis yar Snahrk Boojum bizness down hissef.—It's some ole sea-yarn tho' I

reckon fom some co'na o otha' dat de ole man nebba run cross yet—But dat ole Bellman up dar, an dat crazy lot o' passengas gits way ahead o my time. But de ole man ain' a goan to dispose ob his ignance. Oh no! I'se started in, an I'll make em all tink I Knows mo' bout Snahks dan de hole lot ob em put togedda, I will. I'll make em bleve I'se a regla ole Snahka! (Aloud.) Wat's dat

yo say boy? I wuz stirrin dat burgoo--Snahks? Did you say? Hum! Now dat's a fine quesshun to be wanten to know at dis stage o de game—'Wat is a Snahk?'—An we sailen rite into de jaws ob de Snahk almos'! Snahks! Hum! Wy boy Snahks!—Yo hears em all *talkin* Snahks up dar, does yo Well yo nebba heahs me blowen an talken bout ennyting Does yo Resistance?

RESIST. (Hesitating, and drawling.) N-o-o.

DODGE. 'No'? Well I reckon 'tis 'no'! I aint de talk kind I ain't! Still watahs run deep, my son. Das' what de good book sez, and yo kin gamble dat it's right, ebbery time. Snahks is it? Hem! yo heahs dat ole Bellman, up dar, a talkin' snahks, does you? Well, I bet, wid all his talkin', dat I cooked hundreds whar he ain't seed one.

RESIST. Oh my!

DODGE. What! Seed 'em! W'y w'en I wuz out at de Flipisee Islands we fought a snahk fifteen days, an' den nebba ketched it. It wriggld and swished about wid its tail, till't stove in de side and broke off de main mast like twaz a pipe-stem.

RESIST. Oh my! Dey mus' be awful cross an' savage.

DODGE. Well, jes ain't dey den! What! I'se seed 'em so big dey'd swaller dis craft and nebba wink.

RESIST. What dey look like, Mistah chief cook?

DODGE. What dey look like? What dey look like? My Law' but dey's ugly! Got a kinda green grab-hook eyes, wid alligato' tails.

RESIST. Is we goin' after sich as dat?

DODGE. Sartinly we is! But what's de mattah wid yo, Resistance? You ain't gittin' skeert, is yo? Yo bettah not or yo'll be de first one gobbled up! I see one snap up tree boys jes 'bout yo size onc't—reached rite in de open port an' tuck 'em at one snap w'en dey wuz asleep. (Resistance closes the port.) Heah, lebe dat port open, son! I wants all de air I kin git. Don't git skeert in heah. I won't hab you roun' me. I doan like keowards well 'nuf. I'll trade yo off to de Bosum an' let 'em make a sailo ob yo! What yo come ship on a snahk ship fo' if yo's skeert ob snahks? What yo spec—dat we's goan afta a load ob coky nuts? Yo bloody little monkey hidebinda, yo! Skeert ob snahks is yo? Hem! What ef its a Boojum! What den! You ought to jined de ship as paron, yo ought, 'stead ob Resistance Cook! But for de Lo'd sake stir dat scouse, boy! yo'd stan' dar an' let me do't rite before yo eyes an' nebba make a move would yo? But yo'll be makin' quicka moves 'n dat fo' I git t'ro' wid yo! Stan' dar like a little nigga hitchin'-post asho, an' its a good one yo'd make too! But yo'll nebba make a cook till de day of judgement! (Resistance stirs the scouse.) (Dodge aside.) Dar! I reckon I got my work in den wid dat snahk story. Now, jes keep yo' eahs open, ole man, an' twont be long till yo' fin' out all 'bout dis snahk yarn. Dat Bellman up dar a ringin his bell! Hem! My private opinion is dat dey're

all crazy up dar, an' dat dis is a floatin' lunatic asylum, an' it'll take a heap wisa man dan ole Dodgenes to guess enny nearer de truf, I tells yo! (Exit Dodge.)

RESISTANCE. (Stirring scouse) If I was only asho', I'd be willin' to be a hitchin' post for six months! Wat'll de gals all do w'en I doan come home agin! No mo' dancin' on de head wid Karline Ferg'son, up in McCloud's Hall! De Golden Constelation Club'l resolve dat Lafayette John Downs eat by snaks, be voted motions of respec an' sympathy, and den de galls 'll all cry, an' poor Karline Ferg'son, wat'll she do? (Bracing up.) But ef I'se heah, heah I is den! An' I'll jes make it hard fo' enny snakk dat tries to gobble me—I'll lay mighty heavy on his stomach an' make him tink dat he's done swallowed de whole com'ny of Skidmo's an' a brass band!

(Dodge's voice heard without in tones of high dudgeon. Enter Dodge and Jaky)

DODGE. Tink 'twuz you dat stole de squa'face? No, yo doan know good squar'face w'en yo see't. Not dat I tink yo's enny honestah dan enny de res ob de flunkys Jaky, ka c yo got all de bloody kimmel dar wuz on de last ship yo' wuz on stowed away in your round-bottomed valise. I know dat.

JAKY. Yes, I bought and paid my good hard money for what kimmel I got.

DODGE. Yes, to hear yo tell it. But, no, I doan tink twuz yo, Jaky, yo Dutch is too ignant to drink good squar-face if its set right unda you nose.

JAKY. There you go again about me. I see its no use to try. I'm gettin' discouraged. Everybody a tryin' to

work me out of my billet. I work like hell and then can't please nobody. An' its no wonder, neither, with all the talkin' that goes on 'bout me on this ship.

DODGE. (In tones of mock sympathy.) Poor Jaky! Yo's gittin' discouraged is yo? Talks 'bout yo, do dey, Jaky? Nebba mind 'em wat dey sez. Yo's a dam site wuss dan dem dat talks about yo, Jaky, so yo is, and dey all know it too; an' jes nebba mind 'em Jaky, ole boy, nebba mind.

JAKY. Thank you, Diogenes, it's the first kind word I've got on this ship.

DODGE. Fo' de Lo'd sake, get to de Debble, out a dis, Jaky, yo bloody ignant little Dutch simpleton, yo! What! yo'll kill me wid yo ignance, yet! Yo' would'n tumble ef a sailo' fell on yo' head clear down from de Royal truck.

RESISTANCE. How's dat, Jaky? Is yo' a dam site wuss'n dem dat talks about yo'? yah, yah!

JAKY. There you all go again, poking your jokes on me, an' gettin' me down. It's no use, I see that. (Exit Jaky.)

DODGE. (Turning to Resistance) Well, fo' God sake, wat yo' laffun at? Got yo' han's in de Cap'un' pocket agin too! stealin' time, yo' ought to be rich, long 'go, yo' ought. Dar's Jaky, he does try, if he is Dutch, an' I gib him credit for dat. But you, dars no excuse for yo' actin' de way yo' do! yo' had two good parents. I knowed 'em both. Doan tink I's gwine to keep quiet fo'ebber and let yo' go on yo' way. Yo'll begin to heah my voice fo' long. I wont stay quiet always sunrise, min'dan.

RESIST. (Aside.) Quiet! Him a shootin' off his bazz

like he do, an' den talkin' 'bout keepin' quiet. I bleve he's bluffin' an' I'll jes call 'im some time if he keeps up dis racket. (Seven bells strike.)

DODGE. (Shouting.) Now dar, she blows mudder! Seben bells gone heah! Come, take away! Dish up! Quick's de word an' sharp's de motion! Yo Resistunce, look sharp! (Rushing with pan.) Hot fat! Feeto!

(Enter Boots, Dismal, Codfish, Ah Sam and a sailor with trays, pans, &c., while Dodge rushes about pushing, shoving, cuffing and scalding right and left, filling the galley with yells and general commotion.)

DODGE. Dismal, yo brown-skinned nigga, yo! heah's yo slop, where yo goan—yo Codfish! Feeto! Feeto! Hot Fat heah! Look sharp, &c , &c. (Takes a very hot dish out of the oven and hands it to Ah Sam, who juggles it about with cries of pain.) Well, what's de mattah? Is't heavy?

AH SAM. Hot! hot! dam hot!

DODGE. Hm! yo bloody Chinee, yo! Doan say hot; jes say heavy. (exit Ah Sam.) Yes, Mistah Ah Sam, de ole man'll make it hot fo yo yet! Heah yo sailo' take yo dandy-funk an' go to de debble wid it! Out o' 'dis, I want to git dis place cleared up some time to-day! (Vessel begins rolling heavily—pans, pots, and everything fly about deck, back and forward. Flunkies hold on and fall down and scramble out, dodging the flying utensils) R-o-o-l-l! Roll! Damnation! Go on! Das you, you dam old flat-bottom tub! Yo bin a waitin' all de morniu' for yo done it, to ketch me dishin' up! Den roll yo ole bottom out; doan stop fo me! Go it ole gal! Go it! I'll hold yo bonnet!

(Standing braced in door way.) Roll, Jordan. roll!
Smash de ship's propaty! See dem old hard-bottom pans
a walkin' about deck! Break tings up! Keep it up, de
comp'ny's rich. Dey kin stan' it. Go way, ole sauce-pan,
I doan need yo now! Oh no, ole gal, yo don't ketch me a
tryin' to stop tings no mo'! I been scal up too offun. Oh
no, honey! Steady now! Heah, heah; now' yo time! Yo
plate-chasas, climb in dar, and pick up yo bloody tings and
git to hell outen dis! (Boots attempts to pick up one of
Dodge's pans.) Hold on, dar, Sunrise, drop dat an run
Whar yo goin' wid dat pan, son?

BOOTS. This is my pan. What's the matter with yo.

DODGE. What! Teefs! robbahs! cut-throats! hide-bind-
as! intalopas! lootahs! Drop dat pan! Talk dat way to
me, will yo? Yo pan is it? Whar's enny private mark ob
your'n on dat pan? Let go dat pan fo I split yo. Don't
presume to come iu heah an' do as yo like; cause yo git left
son. Don't tink 'cause yo's de Bellman's Tiga yo can
come in de galley an' put on airs. Yo'll go to leward on
dat racket too quick, my son. Yo mus' tink I'm a big
fool or gone crazy.

BOOTS. Look here, old man, you've been doing a good
deal of bluffing for an old man any how. I'll just go you
one or two rounds of Queensbury for fun, and see
what you are made of. When you try to bluff me old
man, you got to have a strong hand, 'cause I call every
time

DODGE. Fo' de Lo'd, doan make me strike you. Kase
if I do, yo'll jes go tell de Cap'in' ennyway so jes let loose
while still yo able. (They tug at the pan

while Resistance looks on with sparkling eyes in expectation of a fight. Jaky enters with a pan of bread, which he sets down and steps between them as peace-maker.)

JAKY. (In beseeching tones.) Don't fight over the dam old hard-bottom pans. Don't do it. The pans wuz ship-mates with them that wuz here in 'er before we come, and they quarreled and fought over them and they've all gone out of her, and turned up their toes, but the bloody pans are here ship mates with us. In a little while we'll all be out of 'er too, but the old hard-bottomed pans'll be here just the same, ship mates with them that comes after us to fight and quarrel and get bruised up about. Don't fight over 'em I wouldn't please them that much. It's only just what they want us to do, 'an' while we knock each other around, they just laugh at us.

(All look solemn, while Boots walks off very independently with the pan. As soon as Boots has gone, Dodge slyly picks up another pan and hangs it up in triumph, as though he had taken it from Boots.)

DODGE. (Hanging up the pan ostentatiously) Fo' de Lo'd sake, Jaky, doan come in heah to start no camp-meetin'! But's long as I got de pan and dat mis'ble flunky has done snuck out de galley I doan kear so much. Yo done saved yo fren', tho,' Jaky, from a dam good lick-in'; but he's got to carry hiself mighty straight 'roun' heah, after dis. Come down heah tryin'g to make me knuckle unda to 'im, 'cause he's de Captun's flunky. Hm! I doan 'low none ob dem 'em to rate me. Hm! De idee ob a high-toned southun gen'leman like me, beah a cookin' fo' dis lot ob white trash, enny way! Dis ting ob comin' in

de galley, and grabbin' an' lootin' ennything dey sees, is played out. Yo all heah me; so look out fo' yo'self. I warn yo all! It'll come like a t'iet in de night; kase it's look out! Wen I gits to strikin' an' splittin' about, I'se a blood cousin ob ole Dang'rous Jack, I is! So don't get me started, das all! What! De dam t'iefs! robbas! hidebindas! cut-troats! intalopes! lootas! I show 'em all an' all dey're kind o' people! An' yo, yo bloody little bow-legged Dutchman, yo, wat yo mean enny ways, a comin' in heah an' steppin' 'tween me an' de flunkies? De idee ob me being ship-mates wid little Dutch pretzils like yo Jaky, enny how! Wat'd my old chums say to see me heah a workin wid a little sawed-off, like yo! What ole George Wilkins or Saul Johnson, of de Pacific mail say? or ole Bob Robinson, dat lives obba in de Cardiff an' got a woman wite as dat flour. What! men dat kin go chief steward if dey wants—an' git nine—ten pounds a month. Dey'd tink ole Dodge got mitey low down, to see me an' yo in a galley togedda. Wouldn't dey now?

JAKY. (Complaining.) Yes, that's the way it always ends up. It's no use. (Exit Jaky).

RESISTANCE. (Goes to the door and hollows after him.) Nebba mine, ole boy; nebba mine, Jaky. You's a dam sight wuss'n dem dat talks about yo! Yah! yah! yah!

DODGE. Heah boy, git de jackets off dem spuds, now quick's de wo'd. Git dat passenga scouse unda way. Doan stop to peel de sailo's spuds. Saiio's like de skins de best yo know.

(A female voice is heard singing from Olivette, "Wherefore, wherefore, so light. Wherefore, wherefore so gay,"

&c., changing into "Oh, my Little Darling," it draws nearer. Dodge listens and slyly arranges his hair in a small glass on the wall. Enters Venus singing:

Oh my little Dodgy I love you,

Oh my little Dodgy if you prove true,

If you only love me as you say you do,

There's nothing in this world'll cut our love in two.

"Wait till the clouds roll by, Dodgy."

DODGE. (Dissembling with gruffness.) Well, w'at yo want in heah? Yo come in like yo wuz white folks, yo brown-skin' huzzy, yo! Yo sung yoself in, now sing yosef out, schoona rigged! 'Nuff muss in dis gally widout ebbybody in de ship a tryin' to crowd emself in. Bloody tiefs, robbas, hide-bindas! Fine pass, w'en co'nfiel niggas tink dey're white folks

VENUS. (Interrupting-) Oh now, Dodgenes, doan get uffish at yo little Venus, (laughing the scale) an' jes to please info'm me who is white folks in yo galley?

DODGE. White folks? Who dy'e s'pose is? I is, das' who is! Now yo know.

VENUS. No one else?

DODGE. Me an' Resistance de only ones I know of roun' heah.

VENUS. How is't 'bout Jaky?

DODGE. Jaky? H'm! He's only Dutch folks.

VENUS. (Laughing the scale) Well, now Dodgenes, I doan kear to be white folks enny ways. Yo can't get up no fuss wid me bout that. We jes been out fo'ty days, I heard de Bellman say.

DODGE. Forty? It's f o'ty-one by my log! Fo'ty-one

days an' sixteen seconds an' a quarter, an' de ole dead hoss aint worked up yit. Bloody nigh twenty mo' days to run.

VENUS. Now Dodgenes, doan be growlin' 'bout yo advance note, yo'd do't rite ova agin ef yo had't to do this minit.

DODGE. I'd be a bloody fool ef I didin den! Yo liable to be in de bottom ob de pond fo' two month's up an' yo might's well hab one good drunk out ob yo pay day ennyway, fo' Davy Jones git yo. Fo'ty-one days out an' no sign ob de snahk yit! Not eben a Boojum! Hm! A little tendah snahk fry'd go mighty well 'bout now. (Smacking his lips.)

VENUS. Dodge, yo's de fust one on dis ship dat I've seen dat knows ennyt'ing 'bout snahks. De res' seem all green ho'ns up da.

DODGE. Hm! I reckon I ought to know a heap site mo'n dat drove of wile tu'keys up on deck. Dis aint de fust time Ise been on dis wo'ld no how. Hm! Resisturce bring fo'th de instruments, I done forgot to take de sun dis mo'nin'.

VENUS. Wy, Dodgenes, do you take de sun down heah?

DODGE. Hm! den how de craft's goin' to go, yo ignorant huzzy?

VENUS. Wy de Bellman take de sun, I saw 'im dis mornin', mysef.

DODGE. Yo did, did yo? Well den now yo'll see me take it. Come, look sharp, boy, and get 'long wid dem instruments. Come on wid de ham-bone, and de old French coffee-pot, an' we'll ketch a scobobsavation yit fo'

she git past de zodiac, an' we'll show Venus heah how we do't acco'din' to de arrorus an de demonstration.

VENUS. Go on, Mistah Dodgenes, I'd love to see yo bes' in de wo'ld.

(Resistance brings Dodge the ham bone and coffee-pot which he takes very carefully and examines critically.)

DODGE. I hope dey's all wiped clean, yo doan want to let dese instruments git spil't. Dey cost money, my son. Take yo slate and pencil, boy, an put down de figgers now as yo heahs me call 'em out to yo, an' doan fo'git to cross yo fo's. (Holds up the coffee-pot inverted and squints upward through the spout, singing myteriously.)

"Oh my name was Rob'ot Kidd, as I sail'd, as I sail'ed;

Oh my name was Rob't Kidd, as I sail'd.

My sinful footsteps slid; God's laws they did forbid;

But still wickedly I did, as I——

(Breaks off singing with exclamation.) Fo' God sake! who's been foolin' wid dis instrument? Dey's done gone stopped up de peekaboo. (Resistance sings "Peekaboo"—gets no farther than the first word.) Thar, Peekaboo, now dat'll do yo nonsense! I'll change yo name to Peekaboo, I b'leve, fo' de Lo'd knows dat yo can't renda no resistance, an' yo aint got no rite to title ob Resistance cook. It's no time fo' yo silliness w'en de scobsavations goin' on! (Picks up a knife and jabs a hole through the bottom of the coffee-pot, holds it up as before, squinting and singing.)

"I'd a Bible in my han', w'en I sail'd, w'en I sail'ed;

I'd a Bible in my han', w'en I sail'd.

I'd a Bible in my han', by my father's great command,

An' I sunk it in de sand, w'en I sail'd."

Now steady an' ready. Hokus Pokus, name o' Jehokus. Hop Jinny and begone! Fust palell—write it down Sunrise. Numba fo'.

RESIST. (Has slate and pencil and puts it down.) Figga fo' wid de criss-cross on de fo'.

DODGE. Steady an' ready den, an' keep yo pencil sharp, son. (Goes through operations as before.)

'I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;

I spied three ships of France, as I sail'd.

I spied three ships of France, and to them I did advance,

And took dem all by chance, as I——

Dar she bows mudda! Peekaboo, put down e—leben.

RESIST. (Excitedly jumping about) Oountz! Oountz! I wuz born on de 'leventh! I wuz born on de 'leventh!

DODGE. Yes, an' yo'll die on de sebeth. What yo mean? Pay 'tention to de calklashuns, yo aint shootin' oountz now, yo navigatin' a ship Got dat wrote down yit?

VENUS. Yo ought to be ashamed, Resistance. Dat beava up da' beat yo all hollow figgerin'.

DODGE. (Aside.) Beava figga. Dis ship beats my time. (Aloud.) Hm! Ob course de beaver'll beat 'im figgerin' an' kin beat 'im cookin' too. Dars no comparin' a rite smart beava an' a little chuckle head nigga like him. All he's good fo's to sit roun wearin' out de bench dar wid de boosum ob 'is pants an' singin' Peekaboo. (To Resistance who has seated himself.) Git up from dar now an' keep yo eye open an' pay 'tention heah! Fo' de Lo'd Resistance, de minnit dat de boosum of yo pants hits de bottom ob a char yo head's asleep, a leaben me heah a doin'

de wo'k an' you a sittin' dar deado. Heah we go agin; now min' yo'sef. (squinting). Now boy, put it down 'co'din' to de arorus and de demonstration.

RESIST Aye, aye, acco'din' to de roas.

DODGE. Doan try to talk wo'ds yo' doan know nuth-un 'bout de meanin' ob. Whar did do learn Latun at. Steady an' ready. (Venus laughs musically).

"I murdered Alvin Moore, as I sail'd, as I sail'd;

I murdered Albert Moore, as I sail'd,

I murdered Alvin Moore, an' I left him in his gore,

Not many leagues from de shore, as I sail'd."

Hokus Pokus, name o' Gehokus,

Now, my son, I got de focus.

Hop, Jinny, begone!

Put down fo'ty-fo, my son.

RESIT. (Executes clog and flipflaps about the galley in great glee.) Fo' eleven fo'ty-fo! I won six dollahs. (Grabs Venus. They begin to dance the racket together.)

DODGE. Heah, heah, boy! (Grabbing up a huge meat ax and threatening to split Resistance.) What you mean by cuttin' up sich capas? Is yo bof gone clean plum crazy? a kickin' up yo heels heah in my galley. What! you mis'ble little hide-bindah, intalopa yo. What! don't think yo's in yo native jungles now, yo bloody little monkeys. yo. I'll cut yo in two wid de meat ax in a holy minit! (Taking him by the ear and leading away from Venus and putting the slate in nis hands.) We'll see w'at kind of moves yo'll be makin' fo' I get froo wid yo', sunrise! I done split a second mate's head open fo' now, I have. Now take dat slate an' put down w'at I sing out, an' mind

yo'sef, boy, kase yo spile dese kalklashuns wid enny mo' nonsense, yo might jes as well go jump obba de side an' be done wid yo'sef. Come, now, quick's de wo'd, an' sharp's de motion. (To Venus.) Now stan' whar yo is. (Squinting over the goose bone at Venus.)

VENUS. (Laughing). Me! Mistah Dodgenes?

DODGE. (Mimicing her.) Yes, me, Mr. Dodgenes.

VENUS. W'at is dat, Mistah Dodgenes, yo pointin' at me now?

DODGE. Dat instrumen' is called a goose bone; but doan be askin' no queshuns 'bout instrumen's yo would'n know nuffin' 'bout ef I told yo.

VENUS. (Laughing.) Goose bone! I aint no goose.

DODGE. I has seen 'em in my time.

VENUS. Yo has seen w'at?

DODGE. Black Geese, nigga! Black grese! Now keep yo hash fact'ry closed 'till I ketch de right parrell. So! Now 'co'din' to de 'rarus an' de demonstration? (Mutters inaudibly.) Dar yo is, gal. De Transum ob Venus The greatest scientifik scobobsavation ob dis day an' sinful generation. Sixteen. Sweet sixteen. Got dat?

VENUS. Oh Dodgenes.

RESIST. I can't do't. I can't put down no sweet sixteen, nor I nebba see't done.

DODGE. Yo's a sweet lookin' 'stronama to study de stahs, aint yo? Yo kin make a six, can't yo an' a teen afta't?

RESIST. Ob cose I kin do dat, an' I could make a sweet sixteen, too, if I had as much taffy as Venus been gittin' lately.

VENUS. Shet up yo talk, yo sassy little devil, yo.

DODGE. (Aside.) I wonda w'at dat boy meant den by dat. (Scratches his head and mutters taffy, taffy?)

VENUS. Yes, wid all yo smartness, Peekaboo, it'll be a long time till yo kin do de like ob dat wat Mista Dodgenes bin a doin'.

RESIST. Wait till I get ole like him an' see w'at I kin do.

DODGE. Hm! Ole like me? Ole? Fo'ty five's jess a man's prime, aint it Venus?

VENUS. W'y, yes, indeed, Dodgenes; yo jess at yo best time ob life, den.

RESIST. (Aside.) Well, he may be fo'ty-five; but his face looks a hund'ed an' fifty.

VENUS. Oh, no, Resistance, yo'll nebba be as good lookin' an' well persurbed as Copral Dodgenes is, when yo fo'ty-five yeahs ob age. We'se a goin' to gib yo ole woman de "go by," aint we, Dodgenes, w'en we get in po't.

DODGE. My ole woman? Who ebba tole yo dat I had enny ole woman roun' me, Venus? I nebba did fool wid no woman in my life. Yo's my fust.

VENUS. Oh Dodgenes! I'll slug yo wid a peacock feathah!

RESIT. (Very giddy, walking about imitating Venus). Oh, Gussie, now yo quit, I hit yo real hard, etc., etc.

DODGE. W'at's de mattah wid yo?

RESIT. Nuthin's de mattah wid me, I'se all right.

DODGE. Yes, an' yo' be all right if de debble had yo. Git out dar, now in dat steerage, an' git to peelin' dem spuds for dat scouse. Go on out wid de rest ob de flunkies; yo's no better'n they is! [Exit Resistance.] Yes,

Venus, yo's my fust, my only fust. I used to know a song dat went some way like dat.

VENUS. Oh, did yo though, Dodgenes? I do so wish yo'd sing it fo' me.

DODGE. Le's see, it went, "She wuz my fust, my only fust, an' Bessie wuz her name," someway dataways.

VENUS. Oh jes sing once now, for yo little Venus, Dodgenes. 'Cause yo know yo nebba eben gib me dat hosiery yet, yo know (giggling) dat yo done promised me long go. Go on now, Dodgenes an' git yo fiddle an' play dat tune when no one's 'round.

DODGE. Dat hosiery's away dow in de bottom ob my trunk an' can't be got at jest present, but yo'll git 'em all right 'nuff, an' w'en I gits my pay-day, Venus, I take yo 'cross to Parce an' buy out de whole Bone Marsh fo' yo.

VENUS. Oh my! Dodgenes, but won't we jes fly high one o' dese fine days?

DODGE. Well, won't we jest den. Hm! Now, ef yo want to heah dat tune on de ole fiddle, I'll jes step in de room an' fetch it. [Exit Dodge.]

RESIST. (Who has been peeping at the door, now enters) Goan to sing fo' yo, is he?

VENUS. Dat's none ob yo'r bizness.

RESIST. Yo nebba heerd me sing, did yo?

VENUS. No.

RESIST. Well yo nebba will. Yah! Yah!

VENUS. Oh my, yo tink yo so cute, don't yo?

RESIST. If yo wuz a little cuta'n yo is, yo wouldn' take all de taff dat dat ole cripple's tryin' to gib yo. W'y doan yo brace up an' ketch on to sumpun dat's got some life

'bout him. (Bracing up and strutting about.)

VENUS. Oh, pshaw! Peekaboo. (Laughing.) Well, now, yo's a so't ob a Jim Dandy, yo'sef, aint yo?

RESIST. Ise a James Dandy! Well I should blush to murmur. Yo nebba seed me blush, did yo, Venus?

VENUS. Shush! I hear him comin' back, an' yo'd betta not let him ketch yo in heah. (The sound of the tuning of a fiddle is heard.)

RESIST. All right, Venus, yo jes stick to yo ole game-leg mash, an' see whar yo come out. He may draw a bigga pay-day dan I do, but I doan haff to put no hair-dye on my head, I don't?

VENUS. Shush, boy! Shush! Hush yo business; heah he comes! [Exit Resistance. Enters Dodge, tuning fiddle.]

DODGE. Well, w'at yo stannen up fo'? Heah, take dis Eas'lake-Queen-Anne-Sofa char, w'y doan yo? (Pointing to the wooden bench, the only seat in the galley.)

VENUS. (Giggling.) Taint p'lite etequette to occupy de only seat in de room, Mista Dodgenes. (Sitting.) Whar'll yo sit?

DODGE. Me? Oh, I kin sit enny whar. Dis'll do me. (Sitting down beside Venus.)

VENUS. Oh, Dodgenes, how self-sacrificial yo are! (Crowding closer to him.)

DODGE. Enny south'n genlinum will always put his-sef out to 'blige de sex. But all sich Abe Linkum-Brown-bread Boston-niggas, like dat Dismal Smith, nebba had no raisin', nohow. Might as well look fo'a Guinnea Nigga to

talk French. What! De bloody hide-bindas, intalopes an' lootas!

VENUS. Now, Dodgenes, doan bodda yo'sef 'bout dem fool niggas, but play me dat tune yo spoke of a while ago.

DODGE. Yes, but I'll harm dat Boston coon fo' dis passage oba. (Draws bow across strings and Resistance puts his head in the door and sings "Peekaboo" through his squeak-whistle. Looking around.) Whar's dat Peekaboo got to now. I'll hang for killin' dat boy in de nex port, I know't. [Enters Dismal, hurriedly. Dodge jumping up] Well, what yo want in heah now! Speak out, o' sneak out! Talk quick fo' I harm yo!

DISMAL. Is dar enny more of that wet-hash?

DODGE. (In disgust.) Wet-hash! What! De common cully head niggas a wantin' wet-hash. "Flunkies is a gittin' very independent. Go on out scoona-rigged! wet-hash don't know flunkys no' none ob dere kind ob people, an' doan want to know em! If yo wait till you get wet-hash at Ole Dodgenes haff to make, Mista Dismal Smith, yo'll wait long'n I want yo to! Das' all. (Picking up a ladle threateningly.) Now out you go! One! two!

(Exit Dismal followed by the ladle flung by Dodge.)

DODGE. Bloody tiefs, robbas, hide-bindas, intalopas, Lootars! I'll show 'em all. I make 'em git out dis galley, like goats jumpun fo' sun-flowah seeds!

VENUS. Dey all make mighty quick moves fo' you. Doan dey Dodgenes?

DODGE. Quick moves? If I had dat Dismal a week I'd make a race hoss out of 'im. Dat Resistance is a trick mule now.

(Dismal and Resistance each poke in their heads—one

on each side of the door, and make grimaces and gesticulate.)

DODGE. (Chuckling Venus under the chin.) Venus, do you know w'at yo' is to me?

VENUS. (Giggling.) W'at I is to yo Dodgenes? W'y w'at is I?

DODGE. You's my Langtry. De Langtree on wich de fruit ob my heart is growun'.

VENUS. Oh Dodgenes aint you lovely! (Aside.) Das' jes 'bout nuff taffy now till he ponies up wid dem hosiery.

DODGE (Strikes up, "She was my first, &c." He sings the first verse, and Venus. Resistance and Dismal all join in the chorus. A bell strikes.)

VENUS. Dar goes de Stewardesses bell. Obba de door-sill! (Exit Venus.)

DODGE. (Charging toward the door with a knife.) What yo' persumin' Abe Lincum nigga yo! I'll show yo how to come roun' heah wid yo bloody persumin', hollern an' yellern, wen I'se a' playen' on my fiddle—a routen up de whole ship—I show you an' all yo' kind o' people how to come marken up de paint-wo'k wid yo'black paws! Nebba min' I'll git yo yet Mista Dismal—a teachen' dat boy bad ways—Come in hyar Resistunce, you stay out dar wid de crows so much, yo' gotten to be a crow youse'f. (Cuffs Resist. as he enters, who takes it sullenly, growling to himself.) (Enter Boots, very dapper)

DODGE. Well, wa't yo' want in heah Sunrise? Speak out o' sneak-out! You's no betta'n de rest de flunkies.

BOOTS. The captain wants his coffee.

DODGE. (Getting himself a cup and filling it with coffee

from the urn on the range.) De Cap'n wants his coffee do he? Well, das all rite, den, an' he'll get his coffee too, jes as soon as I get mine.

BOOTS. Come! I'm waiting.

DODGE. (Coolly.) Yo's a waiten' is yo? Well, I reckon you can stan' t to wait bette'n an olda man can't yo? (Sipping his coffe every leisurely.)

BOOTS. Do you mean to say that the Captain has to wait till you get ready?

DODGE. Looky hyar, my young brass-boun' fren' yo's de Cap'n's Tiga, and yo's the king bee 'mong yo brotha flunkys, but doan' try none o' yo airs on wid me; I jes as lief hit you, as I would enny yo tribe an' kind. Yo' brass-buttons don't rate nobody in dis galley!

BOOTS. (Dignified.) I came down here to get that coffee, am I going to get it?

DODGE. I reckon Is'e privelege to sit down and take my rest once a day wen I takes my coffee, and I reckon I do't, an yo' kin jes take wat I tell yo an put it in a Queen Anne frame an hang up in yo' flunky's glory-hole, an its jes dis: Ole Dodgenes nebba gits up fom taken his coffee to wait on no one, Cap'n o' no Cap'n, or King of Jolly-gumbo, an it'll be a mighty cole day wen Ole Dodgenes a sitten down at his ease a taken his coffee, has to jump up to wait on the fust bloody flunky dat sticks his nose in de galley! Dar yo' sabey de bootjack, Mista Boots? Sabey de Boojum? De Cap'n 'll get his coffee jes as soon as Ole Dodgenes gets his'n, and not a bloody minute soona! Da now! (Exit Boots.)

DODGE. (You Resistance! Wat yo' 'bout dar? Hyar

Hyar, boy! Take dem fo'-feet o' yo'n out dat w'ite suga! Take de brown suga, dat's mo' yo' culla' aint it? Wha'r'd dat stuck up Tiga' git to, boy? He didn't go back up on deck widout his coffee did he? Fo' de Lo'd! He means to make trubble. Dam hidebinda'n intalopa! All rite, Mista Sma't man you go to de Cap'un wid enny yo' lies bout me!

RSIST. He went up on deck to de Cap'n, I guess.

DODGE. He's gone up to de Cap'n wid his lies to try to make trouble fo' de ole cook. Nebba mind, I fix dat liah, wid all his lies. (Aside.) Got to tell bigga lies'n I kin, an' he's a good un if he kin do dat. (A voice from above the sky-light guttural.)

VOICE. Dodgenes, did you refuse to give Boots my coffee?

DODGE. (In exceedingly pleasant and respectful tone of voice.) Is dat you, Mistah Bellman? W'at is it, sah?

VOICE. I asked yo if yo refused to gfe Boots my coffee? He says yo did.

DODGE. W'y, de idee ob me doin' sich a ting's dat, Mistah Bellman. I hope I know my place better'n dat, Cap'n. I refuse to gib 'im yo coffee! (Shakes his head and makes a sound expressing pity with his tongue and teeth.) W'y Cap'n, all de time I been sailin', I nebba had no one to tell de like ob dat 'bout me 'fo' now! De gos-pel trufe, Cap'n, he comes in heah w'en nobody wuz heah an' eat de coffee on' drunk yo nice buttah toast, an' I kome in an' ketched 'im.

BOOT'S VOICE. He said he wouldn't git up from takin' his coffee to wait on no Cap'n. That's what he said.

DODGE. (In tones of sadness.) Oh I pity yo poo'

soul, boy, to stan' dar an' tell sich lies as dat rite to de Cap'n's face. I know de Cap'n nebba can b'lieve enny lies like dat 'bout ole Dodenes; 'Kase he know dat de ole man's a cook dat knows his place an kin keep it, an' he nebba could eben a tho't sich talk as dat lyen' boy's a tellen, De idee dat I would talk dataways! (Talking for the benefit of the deck overhead.)

VOICE. Well, Diogenes, come up on deck, and we'll investigate matters, and get to the bottom of this affair.

DODGE. Berry well, sah! (Changing to his usual voice but meant for ears above.) Dar now! Jes look at dat! See how much trouble one liah can make on a ship! (Hurriedly changing his dirty cap and apron for clean ones, and singing very saintly.)

De lo'd delibad Danyell from de lion's den, etc.

VOICE. Well, are you coming to-day?

DODGE. (Pretending innocence.) What, Mistah Bellman? You want me to come up rite now! Sahtinly sah; I'll be rite up dar immegiately, sah. Come on, Resistance, I want yo fo' a witness. Yo saw't all—come on, boy, (Soto voce,) I'll make't mighty hard fo' yo if yo don't. (In high pitched voice.) I'll show 'em how to get up on my back an' try to ride me! What! Nebba mind to stop an' fix yo'sef up, Resistance, yo jes as de call finds yo! Come on, Resistance, we goan up to de Cap'n. What! De bloody tiefs, robbahs, hade-bindahs, intelopes, lootas! I'll show 'em if I haff to lay down on de deck ob my own galley an' let 'em all walk on me! An it's look out fo' busted stink-pots, Mistah flunky, dis day ob our Lo'd!

[Exit Dodge and Resistance. Enter Hop cautiously.]

HOP. (Smiling.) Alle samee cook no at home. (Steals to bottle; takes from its hiding-place and takes a drink, getting a black circle around his mouth of which he is blissfully ignorant. Puts bottle back again.) He, he! alle samee salvation solja Sunly schloo boy, no likee whiskce, he, he? Heap foole black cook! he, he! Hello. Cook pipe-pipe! (Smells it and turns up his nose.) Phew! Heap stinke! Phew! He, he! Me put in Cap'n hash. (Breaks the pipe in pieces and puts it in dish of hash on the range.) He, he! Cap'n allee samee kille ole nigga. He, he! Hop laffee at he; he, he! Cap'n no can eat pipe, he, he! (Sees the fiddle.) Hello! Melican man fiddle. (Picks it up.) How in Hell he play him? Allee samee too many dam sling. (Puts the bow under his chin and tries to play with the fiddle.) How Melican man play? Chinaman sabe him. (Plays "Yankee Doodle" very slowly, singing?)

Yankee Doodle he comee to townee,

All samee top-side mulee,

He puttee fletha in he hatte,

Allee same dam big foolee.

[Enter Dodgenes in time for the last line of song. He pauses in doorway and takes him in.]

DODGE. (Aside.) Fo' de Lo'd sake; see dat bloody heathen a got de fiddle an' a playin' on de bow! De hosses head whar de tail ought to be! an' no wondah w'en dey wears tails on dey heads. Ha, ha! Dars de mark ob de beast roun' his mouf! Well, dat do settle it. Ole Dodgenes too ole fo' de Chinese Empire! (Aloud.) Hello, dar, yo bloody heathen! w'at yo doin' wid dat fiddle

in heah? (Cooly taking it away from Hop.) Yo broke dat fiddle I kill yo!

HOP. Me play sing song, cook.

DODGE. Oh dat be blowed fo' a yarn. Looky hyar, Hop, who done been at my bottle of squar-face? W'at fo' you come in an' drink from my bottle?

HOP. (Smiling innocently.) Me, cook? Hop no dlin-ky bottle, allee samee go Sundly schloo, no likee dlinkee whiskee. Me salvlation mannee, you sabe cook?

DODGE. (Aside.) Well, now, ain' dat jes beatiful! beautiful! Dat's w'at I'se bound to admiah 'bout de Chinese race. Dey kin stan' rite up like Mary had a little lamb, an' blate out de sweetes' little lies dat ebba went out fo' a walk a Sunday. See de bloody heathen look innocent wid dat black hide binda mark roun' his mouf. I'se got a good notion to brain 'im wid a spoon whar he stan's. If I could lie like dat, I'd stop workin' an' lie fo' a libin'? But de ole man's got dis pig-tail too dead to skin. (Aloud.) Oh yes Hop, you good boy, yo no takee. Yo helpee me ketchee thief dat steal bottle?

HOP. Yes, cook, me helpee ketchee him. How you can know thief?

DODGE. Oh heap velly easy, Hop. (Taking bottle in his hand.) You see bottle? Allee same black on bottle, you sabe black?

HOP. (Suspiciously touching his mouth with his finger on the sly.) No sabe. What for black? Me go, cook. Heap workee. (Trying to leave.)

DODGE. (Grabbing him by his cue.) Thief get plenty black on his mouf, yo sabe Hop? Sunlay school boy come

steal, allee samee get caught. (Takes a small looking-glass from the wall and holds it before his face. Hop yel's, and with a sudden move kicks Dodge's feet from under him and escapes. leaving him sprawling on deck, much to the amusement of Resistance who arrived in the door-way just in time to see Dodge fall, and unseen of Dodge collapses with laughter.)

DODGE. Tiefs! Robbas! Cuttroats! hidebindas, intalopas! Lootars! (The vessel begins rolling heavily again, sending things flying across galley to Dodge's great discomfiture.) (Curtain.)

ACT III.

Scene set same as Act I—A mortar and pestle upon the mast on one side and a pawn-broker's three balls on the other—A cannon or mortar lashed to the deck on one side—Dog-watch—Sailors lying about deck smoking, etc.

DICKEY Hey, Scotty give us a song.

BLOOMER. Yes, sing sumpun for us, Scotty.

ALL. Yes, a song! a song! Scotty! Scotty!

SCOTTY Well then wait just till I get a pull more of the pipe.

CURLY. An thots w'at ails ye. Give me the auld tar-bucket here, I'll be smokin' fur ye. (Reaching for it)

SCOTTY. Oh, no fear o' you Curly. (Knocking the ashes out and putting the pipe in his vest pocket.) Sing ye a sang, is it mates?

ALL. Go on! Go ahead with you!

SCOTTY. Wull then wat sang'll I gie yo? Wull I gie you Judy O'Brodly?

BLOOMER (Mocking Scotty.) Wat'll you gie us then? Wy gie us the song of "My name is Captain Thunderballs, down by the Shannon's Side." Gie us that Scotty.

CURLY Ah, Scotty, w'at air ye gie-en us, anyhow? (All laugh)

SCOTTY I'll be gie'en some o' ye a crack or two i' the

lug in a minute, and that's w'ot I'll be gie-en yez.

DICKEY. (Coaxing.) An' now Scotty, nevermind old Parnell there, but go on with the song, that's a good chum, now. Sing "The Leaving of Liverpool," so we can all join in the chorus.

SCOTTY. A right, Dickey. "The Lavin' o' Liverpool," it is then. (Tunes up and begins).

It wuz of a Sunday mo-or-nin'
Down by the Volue Place,
That me an' my true-love wuz conversin',
On the day I wuz to sail away.

CHORUS.

May the Heavens above,
Protect and guard my love,
Whul I am far across the deep blue sea.
It's na the leavin' o' Liverpool that a-grieves me,
But's my darlin' when I think of thee.

Oh, farewell to my father, an' my mither,
Likewise to my su-uster also,
And I have wan only brither
And to him I bid a long adieu.

CURLY (Stepping to the fore) Well, now Dickey, if that auld chantin' Scotch dronin' sand-lapper's got through, I'll sing ye the song I sung last night in the bunk. I'd jist as soon listen to an auld bag-piper as to hear that Scotty sing.

SCOTTY. What's that yer sayin' of the Scotch pipurs? W'y the tunes o' Scotland is all made on the sound ov the

waturs of the brook flowin' over the stanes; and what cud be grawnder than thot?

CURLY. Grand! Well, I see nothing 'grand at all about it then. Wather! Do ye hear mates? Sure the songs of Oirland is made on the sound av the whusky flowin' from the bottle. An' what is grander than that? Wather! Do ye mind 'im? (All laugh.)

DICKEY Good enough, Curly; now sing the song of the old Qua-Qua.

CURLY. The Qua-Qua song is it? All roight thin. The song is called The Maid an' the Magpoi—Yez can all howl in the chorus.

BLOOMER. Go on with yer bloomin' yowl yerself then! We'll tend to the chorus! I'm sorry the pianer's out o' tune, I'd have Miss Dickey here, play for you.

CURLY (Winking.) Good fur you, Bloomer! (Removing a quid from his cheek, and handing it to Bloomer.) Howld this fur me till I'm through! (Sings:)

Oh once there wuz a maid kept an auld magpoi;
A Parson, who prayed, lived very close boi.
An' says she I love the Parson, but don't ye tell the
Tar.

But the auld magpoi only said Qua-Qua!

CHO. But the old magpie only said Qua-Qua!
But the old magpie only said Qua-Qua!

BLOOMER. (Steps to the front and sings, with a step.)
I'm a navvy, I'm a navvy, I'm navvy on the line;
I've my four and twenty bob a week, besides my over-
time.

DICKEY. Hold on! Listen a bit! Don't yo hear a queer sound off on the water? Hark now.

BLOOMER. There it goes! Do you hear it mates? It's no human sound, that!

CURLY. Ye bin charmin up the fishes, Bloomer, wid yer musical voice.

SCOTTY. (Frightened.) Hoot, man! Hoot! It's na time fur yer jests now. It's the Flyin' Dutchman a comin' to run us down! Howly mither, help us! Ow-Ow-Ow!

BLOOMER. (Running about distractedly.) Oo-Oo-Oo!

(The singing grows louder, they crowd upon the rail.)

DICKEY. Oh! W'y they are girls. An they're jolly little beauties!

CURLY. Roight ye are, Dickey! Luff! Luff! now can't ye? Have a little regard fur yer manners, if ye be nuthun but auld whales. Its meself can talk to the ladies; I'm wun av the auld school, I am---pull aff yer cap, Bloomer, ye big sod ye. Its meself has a takin' wid the ladies. I'm a great man out in society.

(The sea-maids board, still singing; they end the song as their Queen comes over the side; Curly advances, smiles, bows and scrapes. The sea-maids crowd around him with peals of laughter, while Curly exerts his fascinations.)

SEA-MAIDS. Oh, what a funny looking thing! What is it?

(Curly looks cut up, but braces up.)

CURLY. (Smiling.) Well, me sweet lasses, what ship?
(Sea-maids all laugh.)

QUEEN. Why we are sea-maids, yo know.

CURLY. To be sure, to be sure, av course, I am aware

of that. (Turning to mates, sotto voce.) They's sea-
maids! Jist what I towld ye!

QUEEN. We live down about twenty or thirty fathoms,
in the country of Atalantis

CURLY. A nice cool depth just that.

SCOTTY. It's in Davy Jone's locker they live, mates,
wurra! wurra!

QUEEN. Now, my maids, this is the treat I said I had in
store for you—these are mortals that you have begged me
so often to show to you. So take a good look at them now
that you've the chance, and then don't tease me any more,
for these are fine, healthy, well developed specimens.

(The mermaids crowd about Scotty.)

MERMAIDS. Are you a mortal? Are you a human?

SCOTTY. Na, I'm Scotch.

CURLY. (Pushing in front.) Aw, yis, he Scotch, niver
mind him. But if it's man yez want to see, I'm wan me-
self, gurruls. Gaze on me! Aint I a daisy?

(They crowd around him with exclamations of delight,
touching and poking him curiously. Curly makes odd
faces at them and goes through comical motions. He re-
treats before them.)

SEA-MAIDS. Oh, is'nt he pretty!

CURLY. (Posing.) Aint I honey on toast, jist gurrls?

SEA MAIDS. Oh, see the pretty feathers on his face.

CURLY. (Aside.) Ah ha! Me sluggers is a ketchin'
'em.

QUEEN. Now, my maids, if youv'e satisfied your cu-
riosity, I'll inquire the name of the ship.

CURLY. Well then, I'm satisfied if they be.

SEA-MAIDS. Oh, let us have him for a pet to take back with us. We'll have so much fun with him.

CURLY. (Aside.) What's that! Do they think I'm a monkey? Have fun with me?

QUEEN. Now, Captain, will you tell me the name of your ship?

CURLY. (Aside.) Never mind, she takes me fur the Captain. (Aloud.) Shure this is the good ship Snarker, and we've bin a snarkin' around for the snark this many a long day, but Divil the sniff av the snark have we seen yet.

QUEEN. Oh, you're hunting the snark, are you? Well, there's no harm in that, surely.

CURLY. (Aside.) No, unliss it's a Boojum be Hivins! Then it's stand from under!

QUEEN. Shall we go with them, my maidens?

MAIDS. (Together.) Yes, we'll go, oh goody? (They each grab a sailor.) I choose this one! I choose this one! This in mine! This one is mine, etc. (They begin singing and dancing as before, making partners of sailors whom they drag through. Curly gives his mermaid a chew of tobacco, over which she makes a face.)

DODGE. (Poking his head up out of the companion-house.) Fo' de Lo'd! French gals! What! De nasty sailor's up in s'ciety heah an' a habin a pic-nic. Hidebindas! De idee! Jes wait till de ole man goes an' gits on his Johnny Crapo clothse, an' I reckon he'll come up an' ketch on hissef. What! go way, crow, w'en dar's chicken. (Disappears down.)

(Mermaids and sailors dance and sing. Enter Bellman, Bosum and Crew.)

BOSUM (Running to rail and getting a belaying pin.) Well, well! What's up here? What's up wid ye, ye auld whales? Git forrad there, (Clubbing them.) ye bloomin' lot av auld whales ye—mermaids ye've turned into, eh? I'll make maids o' ye afore this voyage's done! Ship for sailors an' turn out mermaids, will ye?

[Exeunt Bosun and Crew and enter Dodge toggged out, in plug hat, yellow kid gloves, lightpants, black coat, with mustache waxed etc., while Resistance peeps out companion-way after him and indulges in a little by-play with the beaver by stealthily pulling it's tail, and then disappearing. Dodge takes a position and endeavors to mash the mermaids. Pulling his mustache, smiling, lifting his hat, etc., walks up to them, shrugs violently.]

RESIST. Oh, look at the one-legged dude, yah! yah!

DODGE. (Placing his hand on his heart.) Oui Mom'-zell. Oui Mon'zell, acceptly voo zee leetal geeft. (Taking a parcel from coat-tail pocket and presenting to mermaid who begins untying the parcel which is done up very carefully in many wrappers.)

RESIST. (Aside.) Look at dat ole masha! Jes wait till I go get Venus. [Exit Resist.]

DODGE (Looking too sweet.) Yo' zee onlee woowan zat I effer lub, Oui Mon'zell! (Shrugging.)

QUEEN. (Unrolling parcel, disclosing a pair of red stockings.)

DODGE. Aint dey daisies? Oh I'se reckless w'en I lub. De highest dey wuz in de stoah. Oui Mon'zeell. (Shrugging.)

[Resistance re-appears in hatch-way with Venus.]

VENUS. Oh you ole giddy fraud, you! I'll tell yo' wife on yo'. De only woman you ebba lubbed! Trifle wid my 'fections!

DODGE. Go way crow! Go way, I doan know yo'—Chicken heah now.

MERMAID. Why, these are for mortals. We mermaids have no need of such things, Monseur; we mermaids have scales and tails, and such things as these would not be at all comfortable, to say the least. However, I'm just as much obliged. But yo'd better keep them. (Handing to him.)

DODGE. What! Is yo' all put up dat way? Fo' God sake! Mummies! Go 'long wid yo, I doan want nuthun to do wid none o' yo kine o' people—a comin' bo'd a ship heah a boder'n hard workin' men—a foolen 'em—lettin' on yo's French gal's! Yo all o't to be ashamed of yo'selves. Bloody Lindafoot! Lindafoot! Yes, Lindafoot, dat's w'at yo is.

VENUS. Gimme dem crushed strawberry hosiery, yo ole masha, yo! Go mashin' on de outside, will yo? an' den think yo' kin come an' trifle wid my young 'fections. (Mimics his shrug and accent.) Oui Mam'zell. Oui Mam'zell French, aint yo'? (Snatches stockings.) Gib way my crushed strawberry hosiery will yo'l Well I guess not.

DODGE. Shut up o' I'll gib yo' a slushed cranberry eye!

VENUS. Yo' will, will yo'? Den yo'll git jammed gooss-berry one to carry, da's all.

[Exeunt Venus, Dodge and Resist.]

BELL. (Advancing to sea-maids.) So you are mermaids I gather. I am very glad to see you. I am the

Captain, Micajah Bonny. We are out here Snark hunting, and if you and your maidens would like to go with us, I should be very happy to tender you the freedom and hospitality of my vessel.

QUEEN. Oh, aint you just too sweet for anything? That'll jultst be elegant, won't it girls?

(They crowd around him, throwing their arms about him.)

MAID. (With arms about his neck and smiling on him.) Six of this style for a dollar!

BELL. Here! One at a time, and I may live through it. (He stumbles upon their tails.) And just one word more which I trust you will take in the spirit in which it is offered; while remaining upon this vessel I would advise you to tie up your tails in bow knots, as otherwise they may get mixed up with the running-gear, incommoding the mariners, that is all. (Maids look indignant and exclaim, pooh!) But, by the way, speaking of mermaids, reminds me (Pausing as though trying to recollect.) an old friend of mine is a mermaid; you don't happen to know the fair Philena, do you' or does she train with your gang?

MAIDS. (Together.) Philena? Why certainly we know her.

BELL (Aside.) The Devil you do!

QUEEN. She was with us but a moment since. (Looking over the side.) We left her playing at tag with the dolphins.

BELL Happy dolphins.

QUEEN. I can't imagine why she didn't come with us. Shall I call her?

BELL. Oh, not on my account, (adding politely) if she's engaged with the dolphins.

QUEEN Oh, don't mention it—she'll be only too glad to see you. Come, my maids, let us invoke her *a la* Gilbert and Sullivan.

BELL. (Aside.) They're very kind. I wonder if that Gattling there is loaded? (Looking at the mortar.) We'll try and give her a warm reception, any how. (Calls.) Bosun!

[Enter Bosun.]

BOS. Aye, aye, sir.

BELL. (Pointing to the mortar.) Load up old Jnmbo, there—shove in a couple pounds of dynamite and a keg of shingle nails and range it on the first thing that attempts to board. Give me the string. (Aside.) I don't want to hurt her. Something that will just frighten her a little, that is all.

BOS. Aye, aye, sir. (Loads.)

(The sea-maids sing invocation from Iolonthe.)

Phi-le na! From thy gambols thou art summoned.

Come to our call, come. come, Phi-le-na!

Phi-le-na! Philena! Come to our call, Phi-le-na!

Phi-le-na! Come!

[Philena appears above the side in an out-landish make-up, and smiling terriffically. The Bellman touches off the mortar, which goes off with loud report and smoke. Philena is seen to execute a back sommersault in the air and fly all to pieces—pieces falling all about on deck. Done by means of a dummy with springs inside.]

BELL. Bosun, clear away this mess on deck.

Bos. Aye, aye, sir.

MAIDS. (Shriek in chorus. Aside.) Ha, ha! We have gotten rid of Philena at last!

BELL. (Turning to maids.) Accidents will happen, you know. You musn't mind a little thing of that kind. But be good girls and you shall all go with us. That is my crew. (Pointing.)

MAIDS. Oh, how glumpy they all look.

BELL. Oh, yes! But they'll not have much longer to wait, poor souls! We are nearing the goal and the snark is at hand. (Addressing the crew in animated tones, while they groan.)

Friends, Romans and countrymen, lend me your ears,

(They are all of them fond of quotations.)

Come lend me your ears and quiet your fears,

Your are nearing the day of salvation.

[Crew groans.]

We have sailed many months, we have sailed many weeks,

(Four weeks to the month you may mark,)

But never as yet, 'tis your Captain who speaks,

Have we caught the least glimpse of a snark.

[Crew groans.]

We have sailed many weeks, we have sailed many days,

(Seven days to the week I allow),

But a snark, on which we might lovingly gaze,

We have never beheld till now!

[Crew groans.]

If the bowsprit gets mixed with the rudder sometimes,
 (Thats a thing, as I've often remarked,
 That frequently happens in tropical climes
 When a vessel is, so to speak, snarked).

[Crew groan.]

Yet the principal failing occurs in the sailing,
 And indeed I'm perplexed and distressed,
 For I had hoped, at least, when the wind blew due east,
 That the ship would not travel due west.

[Hop Sam enters hurriedly, goes up to Bellman.]

HOP SAM. (Speaking rapidly.) Hello Cap! Which'll
 you take, tea or coff?

BELL. (Deliberately.) Which will I take, a cup of tea
 or coffee. I believe I will take coffee to-day, Sam.

HOP SAM. (Rapidly.) Coffee? Oh, hell! Take tea.
 Aint got any coff!

[Bellman throws bell at his head. Exit Hop.]

HI. (Hollowing after him and holding up a stick.) Hey
 Hop! Hop this.

BELL.—

Come, listen, my men, while I tell you again,

The five unmistakable marks
 By which you may know, wherever you go,
 The warranted, genuine smarks.

[Crew groan]

THING —

You promised to tell us in seasons of woe,
 Some jokes that yo had in mind,
 And if you would please not be so slow,
 We'd take it exceedingly kind.

BELL. "Right you are said Moses!" So clirk up my daffy down dillies, for this song is a lollycooler right out of the refrigerator! It begins with a story; do you like funny stories? (They crowd around him, with "yes! Oh yes!")

BELL. (Impressively.) Well! Once upon a time there was an inn, in front of which stood an iron pear tree, which inn was kept by a good old Irish lady and her second husband. One day, perchance, a pedlar calling that way with his pack, stopped at the inn to obtain refreshment. Now it happened that her goodman was away at the time, so the old lady herself came out to welcome the guest. 'Good day, my good madame.' said the pedlar. 'Good day to you kindly, Sir, and where might you be from?' said the old lady. 'I am direct from Paris, Mam.' replied the pedlar, 'and have stopped at your inn to obtain a night's lodging, and a meal's victuals.' 'From Paradise!' exclaimed the old lady. 'From Paris, Mam.' said the pedlar. 'Paradise!' exclaimed the old lady once more, 'You are the first man from Paradise, who ever travelled this way.' 'Well, Paradise, if you will have it so' said the pedlar. 'Hum!' said the old lady. 'And do you know my first husband Johnny Penn, who died and went to Paradise about four year ago?' 'Johnny Penn?—Johnny Penn?' said the pedlar, scratching his head, 'Oh yes! I know Johnny very well.' 'Well now! said the old lady. 'And how is Johnny, an' how's he gettin' along at all?' 'Oh, Johnny's doing very well,' said the pedlar. 'The last time I saw Johnny, he was wheeling turf for a shaw-bone race that's to come off next week.' 'Now you don't tell me that!' exclaimed the old lady. 'And did you hear Johnny express himself as in want of anything?'

'Well,' said the pedlar, 'now I come to think of it, I believe I do recollect hearing Johnny say that he'd like to have a good suit of clothes, a purse of money, and a horse; so as to be able to make a creditable appearance on the day of the race.' 'And would you be kind enough to take these things to Johnny, if I were to provide them?' asked the old lady. 'Oh, certainly, Madame, I 'spose he'd do as much for me.' said the pedlar. So the old lady went and got her husband's best suit of clothes, and a purse of his money, and brought a horse from the stable, which, by the way, proved to be a bob-tailed mare, and gave them to the pedlar to take to her first husband Johnny Penn, who died and went to Paradise. So, the pedlar, put the purse of money in his pocket, mounted the horse's back, and tying the bundle of clothes on in front, and his pack on behind, bid the old lady good-bye, and rode away, thinking how cleverly he had hoodwinked her. He rode on till he came to a field where there was a shepherd tending his sheep. 'Hello, shepherd!' said the pedlar, 'Will you tell a lie for a dollar?' 'Hum!' said the pedlar, 'I've told many a one for nothing!' 'Well,' said the pedlar, 'there'll be a man on horse back along here pretty soon, looking for me, and he'll be awful mad. I want you to tell him that I rode right up in the air.' 'All right,' said the shepherd, 'I'll do it, and make him believe it too.' And the pedlar, tossing him a ninety-cent dollar, took the first cross-road and was soon out of sight.

Not long after the peddler had left the inn, the old woman's husband arrived home and was met by her at the door, 'Oh, my dear good second husband,' said she, 'an'

who do you think has been here since you have been gone to-day?' 'And how can I know?' replied he 'and who was it, then?' 'Oh!' said she, 'there was a man here straight from Paradise, who knew my dear first husband, Johnny Penn, who died and went to Paradise four years ago.' 'Your dear first grand'mother!' replied her husband, vexed. 'Oh it's the truth, ivery word of't, and learning from him that Johnny was in need of a few things, I sent him a suit of your clothes, a purse of money, and the bob tailed mare which he was kind enough to take for me, which things ye well know we can spare, and they may be of much service to Johnny, good man!' 'What road did he take?' cried her husband, jumping upon his horses back without another word. The old lady told him, and putting spurs to the horse he galloped after him, very wrathly to think how the old lady had been taken in. Pretty soon he came to the field where the shepherd was sitting, and reined in his horse and hailed him, with:

INN KEEPER. —

Oh, bonny shepherd, can you tell me
Whither a man and mare are riding,
With coal-black hair, on a bob-tailed mare?
Methinks I'm not far behind him.

SHEPHERD. —

Oh, yes, I saw a man a riding,
The which did much surprise my wit;
For the man and the mare rode up in the air,
And I see 'em yet! and I see 'em yet!

INN KEEPER. (Looking upward, as he sing and shading his eyes.)

Oh surely, shepherd, thou'art mistaken,
Thou sure art beside thy wit.

SHEPHERD.—

Odd zook! says he, sit you down by me,
For I see 'em yet! for I see 'em yet!

INN KEEPER.—

At first me thinks my eyes were dim,
But now indeed I see more clear,
For in yonder cloud I see my mare,
As she goes wavering through the air.

And then this man began to shout as though a hailing
to some friend,

Whay, whoa! Gee, whoa! Whay, whoa! Gee, whoa!
To my wife's first husband, Johnny Penn,
To my wife's first husband, me recommend.

CHORUS (after each verse.)

Tim a ri fol lo do raddle dink a dum di,
Right fol dum di dol day.
Tum a ri fol lo do raddle dink a di do,
Raddle diddle dump di dol do day.

THING. Very good for an old man! I'll sing you the latest Paris sensation.

ALL Oh, go on Hi. Do Thingumajig. We'd so like to hear you.

THING. (Sings lazily.)

"Sing to me Johnny,
Sing to me Jack."

(Mermaids and all join in the choruses.)

BELL. Well done, Thingumajig. You're of the right

stuff after all. There's great leather in you. (Turning to the Barrister.) Now, Barrister, you might favor the company with one of your old parliamentary speeches, as I notice your brief bag's stuffed quite full.

BARRISTER. If its all the same I'll sing them a song.

BELL. All right, Judge, give us a good campaign song, and we'll re elect you by an overwhelming majority.

BARRIS. Fellow citizens! As the morning's sun may disclose to our delighted gaze our dear and long-sought, Snark; I'll sing you a song in keeping with our thrilling, expectant, hearts, called "Good Morning."

(Barrister undoes his brief bag and brings out a banjo, well wrapped in legal paper.)

BARRISTER (Tuning up.) Does any one else here happen to know "Good Morning?"

BELL. I think, Barrister, I can help you out, myself. If we only had another banjo.

(Barrister produces another from brief-bag. They seat themselves close together and play and sing alternate lines, maintaining the utmost gravity and making grotesque faces, the while. They sing.)

Good morning! Good morning! Good morning, said she,

And where are you going, fair lady? said he,

Oh, I'm going to the banks, to the banks of Lolee,

For to see the waters glide—hear the nightengale sing.

(Both repeat last line together.)

And onward, and onward, and onward they go,

Till they come to the banks, to the banks of Lolee,

And they sat themselves down by the clear purling stream,

For to see the waters glide--hear the nightengale sing.
(Repeat last line.)

Then out from his budget a fiddle he drew,
And said he to the lady 'shall I play you a tune?'
And he played her a tune caused the valley to ring.
'Hark! Hark!' said the lady, 'hear the nightingale sing!'
(Repeat last line.)

'Oh then,' said the lover, 'tis time to give o'er.'
'Oh no!' said the lady, 'play me one tune more;
For I'd rather hear the fiddle, or the touch of one string,
As to see the waters glide--hear the nightingale sing.'
(Repeat last line.)

'Oh then,' said the lover, will you marry me?
Oh no, said the lady, that never can be,
I've a husband in the Northland and children twice three,
And another in the the army's too many for me.
(Repeat last line.)

Oh then, said the lover, to the North I will go,
And I'll spend me a year drinking, wine, ale and beer,
And if ever I return it shall be in the spring,
For to see the waters glide--hear the nightengale sing.
(Last line repeat together,)

(The orchestra takes up the tune as they cease singing.
The Barrister and Bellman lay down banjos and join in a
fantastic dance which turns in an Irish jig, which the Bell-
man and Barrister execute in lively style, slapping the
floor with their hands, &c.) [Curtain.]

ACT IV.

*Scene in Galley same as Act 2d—Pots, Pans, &c., hung
up, bright as Dollars—Everything in Apple-Pie
Order—Resistance Scrubbing.*

DODGE. (Standing over Resistance as curtain rises.)
Tiefs! robbas! intelopas! cut-throats! hidebindas! lootas!
What! I got a good notion to kill yo an' be done bodderin'
wid yo! Come trampin' in on de white scrubbed deck, dat
I been down on my kness a scourin'—a doin' yo own wo'k
fo' yo an' den hab yo a walkin' right in on't messin' it right
up ag'in wid yo dirty feet! What! Doan try to talk back
to me, Sunrise; jes keep on scrubbin'. Put on plenty of
soda, yo'll be burnt up ennyways some day. Doan be
'fraid ob makin' it hard for de man dat comes afta yo'.
Rub't! Dar's a whole dozen basket full of soap an' soda
dar. What! heah inspection a commin' on wid all sail set,
and ebbyting's gone wrong I laid my han' to this bloody
mornin'. Look sharp, now, Zistance, an' git thro' wid dat
an' git dis hog pen cleaned up some time to-day! Dar's
trubble a brewin'; I feel it in my bones! Trubble! trubble!
dis day ob ou' Lo'd! Dar's a black spot on de goose bone
fo' to-day an' dat means trubble. It nebba yet lied to me!

(Venus enters singing, pointing at him and laughing

aided by Dismal outside. From Iolanthe.)

VENUS. —

The lady of my love has caught me talking with another,
Oh, fie! our Dodgy is a rogue!

DISMAL. An' tries to make us b'l'ave dat de lady wuz
his mutha. Ya! ya! ya!

VENUS. Tarradiddle, tarradiddle, tollollay! (Laughs.)

DODGE. (Out of all patience.) Git out a dat! Feeto!
Feeto! Git dem ole ham feet off dat scrubbed deck, yo big
black wench, yo! Fo' de Lo'd, I'll hit yo wid de hin' leg
ob Judas Scariott. Yo come pestern 'roun' me! I scald
yo, yo dam dismal voiced hidebinda an' doe! I'll make yo
change yo tune, sho's I'se a foot high!

VENUS. I come to get my cup o' choklet.

DODGE. Go on out o' heah. Don't try to talk to me,
nigga! Choklet! Yo's done wid yo choklet drinkin' dis
trip! No choklet made in dis galley fo' co'n fiel' niggas!
De day of yo grace is done past nigga! Go way an' drink
yo boot leg coffee same as de res' o' yo kine o' people; an'
yo jes wait, too, till dey gits deres; so go on yo way! I
knows you!

VENUS. Oh, Dodgy, I nebba'tho't dis ob you!

DODGE. Go on out an' do yo' honein' long wid dat Dis-
mal coon, out dar. See if he's got enny choklet fo' yo.
I'se done purified myself ob all yo kine. Enny body can't
take a joke like dat de odda day; widout gittin' mad, I'm
done wid 'em. (Pushes her out and pulls sliding door
shut.)

VENUS. Oh, Dodge, yo own little Venus!

DODGE. (Standing against the door.) Too late! Too

late! De doo's closed an' de day o' grace done past. Kase dey'll stan' at de doo' an' knock an' it'll be closed unto 'em. So go way hussy! Go way Lindafoot! Dam tiefs! robbas! cutthroats! hidebindas! intelopes! Go drink ole boot leg coffee long wid Dismal Smith. He'll gib yo a cup, but I'm 'fraid yo'll hab to do wid brown suga. Yah! yah! (To Resistance.) Come, come, boy! git dat wiped dry an' be quick, son. Inspection'll be on us like a white squall, hea'n a minnit an' ketch us all aback. Look a little live, son. I'se jes got time now to go git on my 'spection clothes. So look live dar an' git out de way wid yo muss, soon as de good Lo'd'll let yo. (The old man sits down and pulls off his shoes, disclosing a pair of very bad socks. He sets the shoes in the corner. Exit Dodge.)

RESIST. (Picking up bucket to go.) Dam ole fool, a makin' me do all dis scrubbin'! It's all nonsense, das w'at 'tis! We's boun' to come togedda fo' dis trip's done.

[Exit Resistance. Enter Hop.]

HOP. (Goes and turns up the bottle, first wiping the mouth carefully. It proves empty.) Unamokahilo! unakumba! unakaday! unakiuna! Allee samee fly nigga. Free hi soucie foot. Free hi soucie foot how sooey. Ole nig no here—Hop Sam allee samee blakee him heartee. Ole nig no catchee China, China catchee ole nig, you bet. (Looking around critically) Hell! Cook makee all nice flo insplect shun, allee samee makee cleanee. Ha, ha! Scrubbe deck—scrubbee pan. Try foolee Cap'n, makee he think him white, allee samee black nig, ugh! bah! (Tip-toes to door and peeps out.) Ha! ha! I fixee ole nig. Ha, he! Cap'n killee he. (Picks up Dodge shoes and hurriedly removes a

stove-lid and blacks the bottoms of shoes heaily with soot and quickly replaces them in corner, and steps to the door and takes another peep, then puts his hands in the shoes and crawls across the deck on all-fours, leaving black shoe-prints, as though caused by a person walking. Replaces shoes in corner—peeps out—returns and blacks the bot-tom of some of the pans. Viewing his work from the door.) Ha! he! Cook so mad allee samee chokee and die. Ha! ha! Galley look like hellee. He! he! [Exit Hop.] Me good boy—go sleepee now.

[Dodge's voice heard singing "Happy Day." Enter Dodge in white duck pants. Goes to glass and arranges his hair, singing the while.

"He taught me how to watch an' pray,

An' go rejoicin' ebbry day;

Happy day! Happay day, when J——"

Looks around at galley and instantly utters a cry of sur-prise.]

DODGE. Fo' de g-o-o-d Lo'd sake! What! Resistance! Oh, de ole man's cup ob grief is obbaflowin'! Resistance, whare is yo got to? Come heah an' 'pare to die! Who done dis deed? Who done dis deed? Oh! de big linda-foot! Oh! de dirty ole tramps! You die! you die! who-ebba yo is. Tiefs! robbas! hidebindas! intelopes! lootas! Oh, oh, oh, (walks about wringing his hands.) 'Sistance is yo commin'? De ole man's cup ob misery is full an' obbaflowin'.

[Enter Resistance with pan of vegetables.]

DODGE. Oh, dar yo is! yo houn' of Satun, yo! Wa's all dis on dis clean scrubbed deck? Git yo bucket! Git yo

bucket! Git yo bucket!! Git yo bucket!

RESIST. Oh, my, who done dat? Dem aint my foot tracks.

DODGE. Pull dat door shut an' git down on yo han's an' knees—doan stop to talk—an' git dat off da. as fas' as de Lo'd'll let yo! (Resistance shuts the door and goes to scrubbing vigorously.) Doan low no one in—not eben de Bellman. Lock it on de inside. Inspsction comin' right up de gang-way, heah! Dis means a man sewed ub in canvas. Dey can't do dis wid de ole man en' lib to go in po't an' tell it. Dey miskalklate ef dey tink dat! I fix 'em so he'll go obba de side to feed sharks an' twont be de fust one needder! Sit down to't; yes, das rite. I'll git a cushion made an' fastened onto de boosum ob yo pants w'en we gits in po't. Dat deek mus' be hard on yo. Hol' on, dar, boy, jes one minnit, till I git dis foo' foot rule on dat elephant track. (Measures.) Fo' de Lo'd! whoebba see sich a dam big Jumbo ham foot; its a disgrace to de human race! He won't need no weights at his feet to sink him to de botton, he won't! (Measures foot print and marks out a copy on a piece of paper.) I'll bust dey'r stink pots fo' 'em. Ef dey 'scapes ole Dodgenes, den dey's good ones, da's all. De minnit yo stick yo nose out in dey comes a lootin'. Dis ting ob packin' an' carryin' out de stuff an' ship's propaty, an' stuffin' in dey're roun' bottom valises has got to stop ennyhow. De ole man don't git a chance to make a cent. De bloody lot ob lootas!

RESIST. (Pausing in scrubbing.) What is dis roun' bottom valise, ennyhow?

DODGE. Go on wid dat scrubdin' da! You too ig'nant

to lib, yo is. Whose got one? who aint got one? Dats what yo better ask. Yo got mo' ignance 'bout yo own glorious free country dan enny free Amerikun sov'run I ebba heerd ob! Didn' yo nebba heah 'bout ole Squeeler Colfaxe's an Oak Amezes roun' bottom valises full of Credit Mobilya an' de way Jim Blaine tuck sick wid sun-stroke jes es dey wuz a goin' to obba-null his'n. Dey all say dat Benjamin Butler, de puritan gubbna, had one in New Orleans, but few b'leve dat on Ben now. But dar wuz General Ulysus w'en he got de freedom ob de earth, he tried to git a ronn' bottom valise to put it in so he could lug it away wid him, an' he come on home at last wid mo'n a dozen ole roun' bottoms chuck full, jes de same; but he didn't quite git de earth. Now w'en yo go obba in Dismal Smith's room, haul out dat long canvas bag ob his'n from unda de bunk, wid de roun' piece on de end, an' see how many pounds ob tea an' suga an' cans ob condensed milk he's got stowed away in't long wid his ole clothes. Dats what yo call a roun' bottom valise, an' dey's all got 'em! But fo' God sake, doan be talkin' politics o' dey'll be dirt heah fasta'n we kin scrub't away. Rub! Rub! My son! Git yo name up, an' jes keep quiet 'bout't an' doan say a wo' to nobody. Rub away, boy! Don't stop to talk. What's de matta wid yo? Do yo wan't me to do't myself? Scrub behind yo! Reach out as fa' as yo can, an' take a wide sweep. It's all got to be done obba! Not jes dem places, oh no! Walk back on yo knees like a cray-fish an' den yo wont muss whar yo've already scrubbed. Come heah an' ship fo' a steamship man an' don't ebben know how to scrub yet! Ceme, come, time yo had dat all done

long 'gô! (Resistance mutters inaudibly.) Don't give me enny back talk! I wont hab it, son. I jes as lief spit yo' my son, as talk kind to yo. I tell yo dese tings onct to let yo know 'em, dats all. Yo ask 'em all on dis line of ships who I is an' dey'll tell yo! I got my name up, son—I hold my own wid enny ob 'em. Dey all know me! Oh, heah! (Disgusted and out of patience. Snatching brush and cuffing him.) Gib me dat brush, you make me sick. I might as well hab nobody an' a dam site betta dan hab yo. Watch me operate on dis muck heah. Stan' 'side 'an' git out de way, yo no mo' ust roun' a galley dan two tails is to a yaller dog. (Scrubbing vigorously and purposely splashing suds upon Resistance. Jumping up spryly, hands Resistance the brush, cuffs him in the back of the neck and hustles out.) Dar, take dat, and dat! (Cuffs.) Make a move, son, o' I hit yo wid de hind leg ob Judas Scariott! Git down dar an' dry dat all up, fo' I git back, or I'll make it hard fo' yo, I tell yo now! I'll jes go quiet an' nose around an' see who got dis size foot an' I'll pizun him an' he'll nebba know what tuck him off.

[Exit Dodge with paper.]

RESIST. '(Sullenly.) I wonda w'at he take me fo' enny-ways—a slappen--cuffen me aroun'? I'se gwine to 'sert my sef, I is--'sert my manhood! "Split" me, will he? An' who'll I be splitten? I'll git rite up an' mop de galley up wid his shape! Dis heah ting ob gotten knocked 'bout by a cripple's done played out. De monkey an' de parrot dey had one hell ob a time, but de parrot he got his tail pulled out! If I'd a Jozeu tails, I wouldn't hab one left by dis time! (Feeling behind with his hand.) An' dat ole cripple

betta stop his monke'n wid me, if he wants to keep out de track ob a cyclone! Kase I'm gwine to 'sert myself if I is little, fo' I'se jes' as good a man as ebba wus made, an' I'se gwine to 'sert my manhood fo' dis voyage's obba! (Puts away bucket and brush) Dar! dat'll do fo' scrubben'; I doan want to mak't too hard fo de man dat comes afta me! It aint rite nohow fo' a man to lib on to bodda people wid his crossness, afta he gits a hunded yeahs ole; Deys too mean fo ennyone to hab to wo'k unda. 'Codun to his own sayso, he's a hunded and two, an't cant be made nuthun else! And heah's de papahs fo' it, rite in my diary! (Takes book from pocket, and reads:) De age ob Dodgenees Johnson, told by himself at diffunt times on dis ship, an' added up at one time by his dear fren' Dismal Smith. See his reco'd an' time below: Sixteen yeahs in de Flyen Dutchman; Seben in de Glory ob de Seas; Nine in de barque America—second mate; 'Bout fifteen yeahs in odda Snahk ships; Two Cop'rel in de Union Ahmy—Fo'ty nine yeahs! Nineteen in de French navy; Eight yeahs prisnah wid de pirates; Twenty six yeahs body serbent to Ginral George Washunton. All togedda one hunded an two deahs ole, an sebral counties not heerd fom. P. S. He's de biggest bluffa ob his age a sailen. X. X. He doan want to know no mo' 'bout mermaids. Ya! Ya! Hi! Ya! (Exit Resist. (Enter Dodge and JaKy.)

JAKY. Oh nevermind Diogenes! accidents will happen on the best clipper ships.

DODGE. Yo' cant come tell me nuthun JaKy; Dis aint no ax'dunt, it's signs an' wondahs! Signs an' wondahs! JaKy; I kin feel't a comen'! I kin feel't a comen'!

JAKY. What's a comen'? (Looking around.)

DODGE. Jaky, my boy, my ole fren' Jaky, dar's Boojums bin roun' de galley afta de ole man! Dey done leff' dey're tracks Jaky! Sumpun's goan happen de ole man, I know't!

JAKY. Well, Diogenes, all that I've got to say is that if one comes at you, dont run, 'cause it'll only jes' catch you ennyhow, and get it just all the madder; just stop and apologise with it. You bet I'll do it ev'ry time!

DODGE. Oh yes, in yo' mind yo'd stop! But no, I tells yo' Jaky, de galley's witched wid de Boojum! But de good book heah'll keep 'em 'way, Jaky. (Taking a delapidated book from the top of shelf, and blowing the dust off of it, views the torn leaves.) W'at a shame to 'buse de good book like dat.

JAKY. So you would lite your old pipe with it would you? No wonder that the Boojum is after you Diogenes.

DODGE. Who lit dey're pipe wid de leaves ob de holy bible? I'se nebba tetched de bloody book once since we bin out yo dam little bow-legged liah you! No, Jaky, I'd soonah put my rite han' in de fish, an' yo' know't, Jaky. Ebbry nite when yo' all doneturned in yo' bunks, de white winged angels flies down 'round de mainsail, an' lites on de skylite, an' peeks down in de galley, an' sees de ole man wid de good book on his knee. But no, Jaky, de Boojum's got sumpun 'gin me! De ole coffee-pot would't bile fo' two blessed hours, wid de debble's own fish blazen' unda it. An' den foot-prints marken up yo' de deck, rite fo' my own bloody eyes, an' nobody to be seen! No! No! Jaky, I tell yo' I'm done! I kin read signs! dis is de ole man's last trip!

It's no ust, Jaky, wen dey turns Jacks on you ebbry time, it's time to draw out ob de game.

JAKY. Oh don't give up, Diogenes, you've got a chance, like the rest of us yet.

DODGE. Oh no, Jaky, I knows w'at I'se talken; I bin ship-scrapen longa'n you has. I wuz a dam fool fo' ebba shippen on de bloody ship; das' wat I wuz. (Exit Jaky.)

(Dodge croons on an old camp-meeting song.)

Yo'll hab sistahs in dat day,

Dat'll rise an' fly away;

Fo' to heah dat trumpet sounden' in dat mo'nin.

Cryin' oh Lo'd! We would like to go along wid Thee

Fo' to heah dat trumpet soundin, in dat mo'nin.

Fo' Gabrile's goan to blow &c

(Enter Venus.)

VENUS. Dar's bin a coldness sprung up 'tween us, dat I feels dat I am de cause ob, an' to blame fo'—Ob 'cose if you wants dem hosiery back wy—

DODGE. (Interrupting.) Keep 'em! Keep 'em! I wuz only tryen' yo' wid de hosiery.

VENUS. (Coquettishly.) Oh aint you awful! I wont do nuthun ob de kine in heah.

DODGE. Won't do nuthun ob w'at kine?

VENUS. You know w'at you said. Did you 'spose fo' a minnit dat I'd be big 'nuff fool to do't w'en you asked me? I guess dey'll fit all rite.

DODGE. Fo' de Lo'd! W'at'll fit all rite?

VENUS. De stockens! You fool yo'! W'at you 'spose?

DODGE. (Hiding his face in his hand.) Wheu! Fo' de Lo'd! ain't yo' shamed yo'seff? Go on now, de Bellman'll

be in heah fo' inspection enny minnit now; so git along!

VENUS. Oh de Bellman's up on de jibboom a hearen' 'em all say dey're catechisms—He won't be down heah fo' an houah no way, an' you know dat I come fo' my choklet.

DODGE. Yo' choklet? Well, den I reckon dat I'll haff to go to wo'k an' make't fo' you; Keep rite wid me, Venus, an' stay sensible, an' you'll hab choklet wen de captun won't I'se lsid in a few little delicates, mysef, dis voyage (Takes down a sauce-pan, and begins preparing chocolate.)

VENUS. You did?

DODGE. Did I? What! Wy on de las' ship I wuz on. We had one ob dese ya Yankee skippas an his wife, an talk 'bout yo floatin' poo' houses! dat beat my time Wy a poo' libben ship? She wuz stahvashun afloat wid a goat's hed nailed to de cabin doo'! Ole Mrs. Captun ust to come a sailen up on yo' close-hauled, an 'ud git to windard ob yo' ebbry time ef yo' didn' look sharp. But I wuz posted on her, an' de ole man too, fo' ebba I went in er; an de carpenta an' me, went to de supply stoh' fo' we lef' po't, an laid in a supply of choklet, cocoa, wite sugar, condensed milk, an' butta-biscuit. What! an' fine ole Java coffee and green tea, um! and fine canned goods ob all kinds, an' filled ou' trunks plum full an' a chest besides. An' wen we got out it wuz wuss'n distress in Ireland in de fo'castle. De sailo's wuz a libben on pea-soup rite 'long, an' boot-leg coffee. Good 'nuff fo' 'em tho'; an' a barl of salt hoss had to las' 'em jes' so many days o' dey went widout. If dey ask't fo' dey're whack, dey got whacked in the neck by de big Norweigean mate. An' de capun's wife wuz kalklatun on ebbry speck dat come in de gallery f'om de cabin to be

cooked. Got so she wouldn' send de tea out at all, fraid de rite weight wouldn' come back agen, but got hot watah an' made't in de cabin hersef. Wouldn' low no milk no' sugar to come to de galley 't all. Sed she knew de cook stole cause she could smell 'em makin' tea an' coffee, an see de empty cups an' all dat. Yah! Yah!

VENUS. Oh! De ole cat! She did?

DODGE. So finely she sent one ob her nasty little kids out to de galley wen me an' de ca'penta set down to eat, an' back it goes an' tells its mother 'bout wat we had. So out comes Mrs. Captun to de galley, an' in she comes a smilen wicked, an' smells roun' wid her nose, an' says: Oh, my! Cook aint dat tea I smell? I reckon it is, I sez, and paid no 'tention to 'er but went on eaten. Pass de devil-ham an' chow chow, sed de Ca'penta. Han' me dem butta biskits an' de presarbed pares, an' fill up yo glass dar wid claret; an' dar she stood white ez a sheet, a bitin' her lip, Chips says, heah, little gal, yo want a lump of suga? an' he gib de chile a few lumps ob white suga, an' I wuz openin' a quart can of presarbed pares, when de little gal say, (Imitating the child's tones.) Oh mama, look at de cook an' ca'penta, they've got pares fo' dinna; we didn't hab no pares fo' our dinna, did we mamma? Yes cook, sez Mrs. Capun, I bin noticin' dat mysef and I think its come to purty pass, wen the cook libs better than the Capun. I'll see the Steward about those presarbed pares; I'd been saving them; you'll hear from de Captun, both ob yo! Well, said ole Chips, they's very nice pares. Hum! said Mrs. Captun, don't get insulent; I'll jes take dat can to the Capun, said she. Well, said I berry polite, excuse me,

Mrs. Dumphy, but wont you please be good 'nuff to see ef dats yo kind ob pares fo' yo take 'em. What do yo mean? says she, why, aint yo pares all jes common X brand, wid de pictu' ob a flag on de cans. Wow look at de pictu' on dis can. Dis can cošt me sixty cents in po't at wholesale, an' ef yo've got enny sich brand ob pares as dat in dis ship's supplies, I aint seed 'em. Well, well! Land ob lub! Yah! Yah!

VENUS. Oh you didn'?

DODGE. What! I didn'? I hope I may nebba see de back o' my neck ef I didn'. Well, up went her nose an' out she sailed an' she nebba come neah de galley agen de whole voyage. Yah! Yah! Takes me to take down dis ya white trash 'stockracy.

[While he tells the story to Venus, others, including Resistance, have entered and listen to him. Dodge holds the sauce-pan, (one which the Chinaman had smeared with soot,) in his hand, and absent-mindedly, keep rubbing his hand over the black bottom, and wiping it upon the rear of his white duck pants, at which every one, including Venus, are splitting their sides, while Dodge joins in the laughing at his own story. Dodge begins to smell a rat. Resistance lays down and laughs hysterically. Dodge takes a tumble to state of his pants behind and heaves 'the sauce-pan and contents at Resistance—advances on him. Resistance resists and asserts himself and gets in good work with his "dukes," while the old man gets in some good back-handed swipes, but is clearly done-up in one round.]

DODGE. Dar boy, yo fo'ced me to strike yo an' yo done

got't. I did'n want to strike a boy, but yo made me do't.

RESIST. Ef yo want enny mo', dars plenty in de same shop dat come f'om!

DODGE. Go on, boy, go on! I doan want to haff to hit a little boy.

RESIST. I'se little, I know I is, but I'se a hot little New Yo'k moke—an' too hot fo' yo nut, ole man!

DODGE. Yo's insane, boy! Go on 'bout yo wo'k! I wouldn' hit yo no mo', yo's too sickly.

RESIST. Dats all rite! I done tole yo not fool wid me, I wuz loaded, but yo would, an' now yo got it!

[A noise heard of chains and loud order from above "All hands on deck, here!" All repeat the order, and rush up and exeunt all but Dodge, who quietly sits down and soliloquizes.]

DODGE. Hm! I done called a regla cyclone dat time, shoo! (Goes and cuts a piece of steak and holds it on his eye.) W'y, dam ef he can't box like a bar! "All han's on deck," hey! Dat don't mean me. I b'long right heah in de galley an' got no bizness on deck. I knows my place. I done seed nuff snahk fightin' jes now to do me fo' one voyage. I ain' no hog—I know w'en I'se got nuff, least I hope I does.

(Voices in chorus above, heard repeating)

"You may seek it with thimbles," &c.

(The Bellman's voice.)

For England expects—I forbear to repeat—

'Tis a maxim tremendous but trite.

So you'd best be unpacking the things that you need,

To rig yourself out for the fight.

DODGE. (Looking out the port.) Ship done come to ancho' an' dey's gwine off to hunt de snahk, but Dodgenes has had all de snahk he wants dis trip. He aint goan asho' to fool wid no snahk.

(Bellman's voice above.) For Saint George, and Old England! Forward Snark-hunters! Come on Cook! Come on, Diogenes! Come help us corral the Snark!

DODGE. Go on an' hunt an' fite yo' Snahk! I aint stoppen yo' is I? I ain't got no truck wid de Snahk—Go on, fite out yo' own fusses; I doan mix myself up de white folk's fites no mo'; I done bin bit up, an' scratched 'nuff in my time, a mixen' my fool self up in white folk's fitens, whar I had no biznus; but I wuz a younga man den 'en I is now! Oh no I'se too ole to go get myself knocked 'round, an' cut up now! So go on, an' don't bodda me—I come signed fo' cook—not to fite no Snahks--an' I come pooty neah a kwowen' my place! Go ketch yo' Snahk, an' fetch it to me heah in de galley, an' I'll cook't fo' you--sarve it wid greens o' enny odda style!

BELL. (Above.) Brown! Brown! Come on Brown!

DODGE. "Come on Brown" be damned! I ain't lib'd dis long fo' nuthun! I'se nuthun but a nigga—an ole nigga cook! an' I nows my place, an' can keep't, an' doan presume to meddle up whah I'se got no biznus no' rite--an' 'sides I'se an 'Merikun citizun, an' de United States'll perteck me Yo' all o't to be shamed come a ask'n' an ole man like me! to go long to he'p yo' all fite! Oh no! De galley's plenty good 'nuff fo' de ole nigga! I kin stay heah, an' keep cool, 'till yo' git back, I reckons, ef yo' ebba come back. So go on hunt yo' Snahk, now yo' done come all dis ways to do't!

If yo' git killed yo' go to Hebben in a han'-basket, an' ef yo' don't, yo'll go to Chicago ennyhow!—Changey fo' changey—a white dog fo' a black monkey! Yah! Yah! But I guess dat Dodgenees jes' 'bout comes poo'ty neah a knowen' his biznuss, an' 'nuff to let Boojums 'lone, ez long ez his set ob brains dont go back on 'im! Oh no! Huntin' Snahks be bloody well blowod! De ole man'll sit rite heah by de ice-box, an' smoke his ole dhudeen. (Sounds from above have ceased, and all is still.) Um! dey's all gone! I doan heah 'em no mo' up dar. Um! Ef dat Resistunce tackles dat Snahk, I bet he'll make't mighty hard for't! Ya! Yah! Well! Well! (Changing his tune, suddenly.) Whieu! I wondah how long dey goan to be gone? What ef dat Boo-jum 'ud come an' ketch me all by mysef? Look heah, nigga, yo' wuz a dam fool fo' stayen heah all 'lone! Venus gone an' leff me too, an' Jen heah I is 'lone wid de Boojum, an' not de fust bloody drop ob squar-face in de bottle! De hole wo'ld an' all done gone leff ole Dodgenees now! Ebbryting gone back on 'de ole man now, 'cept his good ole fiddle! (Takes up fiddle, and plays "The Arkansas Traveller," when just in the middle of tune, a string snaps.) Um! Um! Well dats a pooty good snap! (The orchestra begins softly playing "The Boogy Man," Two blacks dance softly, and cautiously, into the galley. [Two tunes at once.] They have red noses, pink eye-brows, white hair, and black tights with clouts. Dodge hears them and grows very nervous in his playing, which grows very draggy, jerky and slow, while his hair raises. He is afraid to turn his head to look.)

DODGE. (In a whisper.) Snahks! Snahks! and Boo-

jums! Wheu! De ole man's time's some! Wat a fool I wuz to stay heah in dis haunted galley. I knowed sompun wuz goin' to happen de ole man.

Oh, now I lay me down to sleep,

Its fleece wuz white ez snow,

An' ebbry whar dat Mary went,

I hope de Lo'd my soul'll take.

(Plucks up a little courage.) Git off dat clean scrubbed deck! W'at yo want in my galley? Go on out now, fo' dar's trubble. (Aside.) Lo'd! Wish I had a good drink ob square-face. (Aloud.) Yo doan know me, but yo will know me! Go on away. (Looks timidly around and sees them. Hops to his feet.) What! niggas! W'at yo want in heah? (Advancing on them.) Tiefs! Robbas! Intelopas! Lootas! Git out o' dis, fo' I knock yo down wid de hind-leg o' Judas! 'Spose I'se a playin fo' niggas to come in dancin' on my clean scrubbed deck. W'at! Come in heah wid dem big lindafeet o' yourn! What! I cut yo hart out an' throw'i in yo eye! W'at yo want in heah? Whar yo come from? I teoch yo co'nfiel' niggas some mannas, yo come roun' whar I is. Fo' de Lo'd! w'ats de matta wid yo black sons-ob sauce-pans ennways? (They get down on their knees in reverential manner and crawl to him, and kiss his feet, exclaiming "The Great Prophet! The True Prophet! The True Prophet foretold by our wise men. At last he is among us.") True Prophet? Well, I hope I may never see the back ob neck! W'at in de Debble is dem niggas up to? I'se got dem good an' bluffed, enny how.

BLACKS. True Prophet, we bow down before thee, kiss thy feet!

DODGE. (Aside.) Kiss my feet? I aint took my Rushian bath yet, dis trip. (Aloud.) W'at yo niggas about enny how?

BLACKS. It has long been foretold that the True Prophet would this year come to us in a ship from the east. Having one game leg. You are that Prophet; come with us. You shall be King!

DODGE. True Prophet? King? What! I'se a bigga' man dad ole Grant!—Shoo! Yo's foolen' niggas! Who is you ennyhow?

NATIVE. Oh it's a true bill! You're the True Prophet we've been looking for. My name is Wiggins; I was True Prophet here for a while, but they twigged my game, and threw me out on my neck.

DODGE. Um! Well, w'at is dis yar billet ob true prophet? What kind ob a pay-day does he draw? How many cases a month is dar in't?

WIG. The royal treasury is ten times the size of this ship, filled chock-ablock with stacks of "twenty-rolls", butter-tubs full of gold quids, and suff'rens, and dump-carts of gold candle sticks, and more boodle than you can shake a stick at, and you carry the key yourself.

DODGE. What! Dog-baskets full ob yellow-boys an' loot! (Immediately changing to a serious tone.) Um! Well, how is de country off fo' squar'face?

WIG. How? Squar'face, I don't ketch on to that word.

DODGE. Squar'face!--Rum!--Rum! Nigga' rum! Don't tell me dey don't know w'at rum is in dis country? (wilts.)

WIG. Rum? Why half the country's afloat with it! Rum! Wall I should wiggle to sniggle! (Warbles in a bad tenor.

“Rum! rum! Jamaica Rum”[Olivette.]

DODGE. Well, dis is de country I'se bin a looken' fo'! Yo' ain't got a “pocket-pistol” 'long wid yo', hab yo'?

WIG. Oh yes, I've most always pretty generally got a little for in case of sickness, you know. (Hands bottle.)

DODGE. (Taking long pulls at the bottle.) Yah! Yah! What! dat's de ole ginuine! True Prophet's billet's hey? Well, if I ain't stinken'-bile'n' in 'bout five minnits, den I ain't no True Prophet, das' all! Come on, Wiggins!--you an' yo' pahdna! (Setting his plug-hat on, over his eye.) I always thought dat I wuz a king in disguise; an' now I know who I is! Come! make a move dar; pick up dat chest, an' come on! I'll shew em all who dey bin foolen' wid dis passage!--come huntin' Snahks in my country, will dey? I'll show 'em!--de bloody tiefs! robbas'! hidebindas'! intalopas'! lootars! What! (Wiggins and partner pick up the chest by the handles, and walk up to Dodge, as he is taking a drink, seat him upon it, and bear him off.)

[Curtain.]

ACT V.

Scene on Shore in the Shark Country—Interior of Royal Palace—Roof Supported by Growing Palm Trees—A Massive Throne of Burnished Gold—Barbaric Decorations of Spears, Shields, Trophies, &c.—Enter Procession of Natives, beating Tum-Tums and Playing a Triumphant March upon Native Instruments and Strewing Flowers—They Shout in Chorus, Keeping time with Music—Music strikes up “King of the Am^{er}ican Islands”—Enter Diodgenes, limping, with a Crown on his head and supported by Wiggins—All bow down and cry out “Long Live the True Prophet.”

DODGE. (Seating himself on throne, and cocking up his leg.) What! I'se as happy as a dead pig in de sun-shine. I'se de king ob Jollygumbo at las'! Yah! Yah!

(A black enters throwing coin to crowd; Dodge forgets himself, and jumps down, and scrambles for it—Wig. pulls him back to throne, and whispering to him—Dodge is bent on getting some however—his eyes very big.) Wa'ts de mattah wid you, Wiggins? Dey's a gotten' all ob it.

WIG. They are but throwing backsheesh to the plebs. in honor of Your Highness's coronation—a few paltry ~~trade-~~^{traded} dollars out of Your Highness'es vast, and inexhaustible treasury.

DODGE. Yes, I thot them wuz nuthun but trade-dollars. Das' w'at I went down dar to find out. Tell 'im to throw 'em yaller boys an' gole quids—Das' de kine ob a king I is.—heah Wiggins, two o' three dog-baskets full'll be enuff. An' heah, (recalls him.) yo' mite fetch me in a few dozen o' so. (Aside.) It makes a man feel betta, to have a few quid in his pocket, if he is a king, 'speshly dese days.

(Vizer salaams, and exit—Enter a herald.

HERALD. There are prisoners of a white race without.

DODGE. All rite, my son, fetch 'em in acco'din to de arorus an, de demonstrashun! (Exit Herald.)

Enter soldiers with Bellman, Barrister, Beaver, mermaids, Resistance, Venus, &c; They carry bars of soap, mortar and pestle, pawn-brokers' three-balls, &c.)

DODGE. Fo' de Lo'd! w'at you Nihilists want a comen' heah in my country?

HOP. (In American clothes, and drunk.) Hello Cook! Alle same Melican man--hair cut shlot, an' dlunk like hell!

DODGE. Six months! Call de nex' case! I'll bust de stink-pots fo' de Chinese Empire! (Hop is led out.)

(Resist. starts "Peekaboo" upon his screech-whistle.)

DODGE. Heah, take dat boy to a fuh'nahtuah stoah, an' git a cushion sewed on de boosum ob his pants!—hab't put on tight—no diffunce if dey sticks him a little. (Guards try to sieze Resist. when he upsets them on all sides; butting vicious. They fall like rows of brick.)

RESIST. Yo' don't put no cushion on me! Oh no! I'se a little New Yo'k moke, I is! an' yo'd betta not come at me wid none ob yo' nonsense! I'll cave in yo' bred baskets!

What! I'se 'shamed ob sich soljas as you is— can't go an' get a boy! Resistance! I make yo' Gin'ral in Chief ob de whole ahmy! (Turning to others.) Now, yo' Hidebindas, an' Nihilists! w'at yo' got to say fo' yo'seffs? [Exit Resist.]

BELL. We are a crew of honest, well-meaning Snark-hunters, hunting the snark.

DODGE. Yo's de wu'st lot ob mumseys ebba I seed to-gedda! I reckon yo' ketched de Snahk, didn't yo'?

BELL. We sought it with thimbles--We sought it with
care;

We pursued it with forks, and hope; &c.,
We shuddered to think that the chase might fail,
And the Beaver, excited at last,
Went hopping along on the tip of its tail,
For the daylight was nearly past.

DODGE. 'Rah fo' de beava! Go on!

BELL. There is Thingumbob shouting! somebody said,
He is shouting like mad, only hark!
He is waving his hands, he is wagging his head,
He has certainly found a Snark!

We gazed in delight, while the Baker exclaimed
'He was always a desperate wag!'
We beheld him--our Fry-me--our hero un-
named--

On the top of a neighboring crag.

Erect and sublime, for one moment of time.
In the next, that wild figure we saw
As if stung by a spasm, plunge into a chasm.
While we waited and listened in awe.

'It's a Snark!' was the sound that first came to
our ears,

And seemed almost too good to be true.
Then followed a torrent of laughter and cheers;
Then the ominous words 'T's a Boo!'--

DODGE. (Hair on end.) Fo' de Lawd!

BELL. Then silence, some fancied they heard in the air
 A weary and wandering sigh
 That sounded like 'jum!' but the others declare
 It was only a breeze that went by.

We hunted till darkness came on, but we found
 Not a button, or feather, or mark,
 By which we could tell that we stood on the
 ground

Where Fry-me had met with the Snark.

In the midst of the word he was trying to say,
 In the midst of his laughter and glee,
 He had softly and suddenly vanished away,
 For the Snark WAS a Boojum, you see.

DODGE. So yo' done skeered up a Boojum, did yo? I
 tho't yo' all wuz foolen' whar yo' had no biznuss. Praise
 de Lawd, de res' ob us is safe an' soun'! But yo' all in a
 good country now, wid plenty Jamaica rum an' Squar'face!
 an' I'se ole King Cole, dat called fo' his fiddlahs three! So
 step out Venus! (Jumping from throne) an' we'll show 'em
 how to knock out de splintahs! Come on ebbrydody, an'
 w'll tackle de ole New O'leans' 'Skeedaddle'! Start de ball
 Venus! an' we'll hab a regla ole cotton-hoin'-jubilee!

(All the chief characters form in line, with Venus at the
 head; each sing a verse in order, and follow Venus around
 stage in a hoppity skip-follow-your leader-walk-around to
 the measure of the chorus of "doo-dahdy-doo". Resist-
 ance enters, wearing a drum major's cap, and sword, with
 a huge bass-drum, which he punishes badly to the time, as
 they sing The report of a cannon, accompanied by the

alarm-beat on a drum is heard without--Resistance rushes out, but enters immediately on a full retreat, and badly broke up.)

RESIST. Mistah Chief Cook, de BOOJUM'S a comin'! an' can't be stopped! (Exit Resist hurriedly in opposite direction Dodge yells "What!" de Boojum a comen'! jumps down, and gets behind the throne--all rush out except the Bellman, who awaits his fate manfully wringing his bell Enter Philena, an all-broke-up-mermaid; she chargs the Bellman with "Oh here you are! I have got you at last have I? you old fat rascal you!" The Bellman strikes a two-minute gait, and leads her a few laps around the stage, in great agitation, and sinks exhausted upon the throne. on right-front of stage. The "slides" instantly cut off the scene and Philena; a transformation occurs at the same instant, and the back of throne turns over, forming the class-room-table, at which, the transformed Professor sits sleeping, as left by the prologue. The clock strikes Nine slowly' and loudly. The Professor snores uneasily.

Enter Diogenes, the janitor, with a lantern.)

DIogenes Well, ef heah aint Pa'fessa Bonny--gone to sleep in his cha'r! He don't want to be sleepen' in heah, I know. (Touches him on the shoulder, when Prof. jumps to his feet, with loud cries of Boojum! Boojum! Take 'er away! Take 'er off!--frightening Diogenes badly.)

PROF. (Awake) Hello, Diogenes! that you?--got a lantern too! Thats according to Hoyle! And looking for an honest man. What's the matter, Diogenes? Did I seare you? I must have been dreaming! Was I hollowing?

DIogenes. Wuz yo' holleren'? Well, jes' look a heah,

Pa'fessa Bonny, ef ebba yon scahrs me like dat agin, yo'll hab ole Dodgenese dead on yo' han's to berry! Das' all!

PROF. Diogenes, I want to ask you a question: Were you ever a sea-cook?

DIOGENES. Me a sea cook! I nebba wuz ebben out on de wide-open ocean onct in my life!--w'at a quesshun to ask!

PROF. Well, that settles it! This is a very queer world Diogenes. (Exit Prof. skipping, and singing 'Skeedaddle')

DIOGENES. (Standing mystified.) Um! Well, yes! dis IS one hell ob a quahr wo'ld! (Sees flask upon table, and takes it up unscrews stopper, and holds to his nose.) Um! (Shakes his head.) Dat do settle it, Pa'fessa! Since man to man is so unjust, I cannot tell what man to trust! (Turns flask up to his mouth- Orchestra strikes up "She was my first," as the curtain rings down, changing quickly into "Skeedaddle," playing the music of chorus with bass-drum accompaniament.)

[FINIS.]





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